Toad in the hole

—— dominoes

in the basement

COOKED-UP FOOD hastily consumed in overcrowded cafes is giving people indigestion who never had it before the war. REST the digestion and you provide the right conditions for it to protect itself. Follow this simple rule: After a tiring day drink a cup of Benger's Food. It will soothe your stomach and give it a chance to recover. Benger's provides the warmth and nourishment you need whilst giving your digestion rest and strength.

BENGER'S

—an essential factor in REST-THERAPY ——the natural treatment for Indigestion

BENGER'S, today, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all Chemists and high-class Grocers — The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.

Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.

World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

3 THINKING ALOUD Edward Hulton

11 CITY OF THE PLAN George Edinger

18 A CENSUS OF DISTRIBUTION IS WANTED Professor Hermann Levy

22 ERRORS OF THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES (II) Vice-Admiral Muselier

30 MORE STATE NURSERIES, PLEASE! Sarah G. Brash

32 THIS CHANGING WORLD: 35. The Bottleneck in Education J. H. Newsom

39 NOTE ON INDIAN ART Mechthild Nawiasky

42 OLD AND NEW MASTERS: 8. Town Planning Ralph Tubbs

49 HAS JAZZ A FUTURE? O. J. Russell

52 DO WE WANT TRIAL MARRIAGE? Private S. E. Tuttell

54 FIFTY YEARS AGO

55 SCIENCE FRONT

57 BOOK OF TOMORROW: Gerald Heard's *Man the Master* reviewed by Bruce Bain

60 NEW BOOKS

70 CROSS-SECTION

SEPTEMBER 1944. PROPRIETORS: REVIEW OF REVIEWS LTD. 43 SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.4. CEN. 7400. *Published Monthly. Subscription rates: Inland 20s. 6d. p.a., 10s. 3d. for six months; Foreign 20s. p.a., 10s. for six months; Canada and Newfoundland, 19s. 6d. p.a., 9s. 9d. for six months; U.S.A., $4.75 p.a.*

HOPE
IS ON THE HORIZON

LET us take heart. Let us sound a clarion call of hope. Cancer is NOT incurable. Caught in its early stages, this dread disease *can* be arrested—even cured. Some patients walk out of The Royal Cancer Hospital at Fulham Road, London, every week . . . discharged . . . free to embark on a new and often unhoped for lease of life. Isn't that something to be proud of?

Only by unrelenting research, grim patience and dogged endurance has such progress been possible. But it is not the end. Not by a long way. Over the horizon lies the enticing goal of Full and Complete Knowledge of the cause of Cancer. It can only be reached by further hard work, by unstinting expenditure of money on new and improved equipment to keep pace with our growing knowledge.

As generously as you have helped us in the past; please help again. For only with YOUR help can we continue to fight the good fight until Victory is won.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Why does

VOTRIX
VERMOUTH

cost you so little?

In these times of scarcity it could be sold at more than twice the present price but the producers have no need to do so. Everyone knows that in wartime price is not always an indication of value. Votrix is the best vermouth obtainable, equal in quality to any of the formerly imported Continental vermouths.

Votrix (sweet or dry) at 8/6 the bottle, is the price of Britain's Best Vermouth.

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.

THINKING ALOUD

EDWARD HULTON

READY FOR VICTORY?

As I write Victory seems near. Autumn, the harvest season, may this year see the Great Harvest. Indeed I must confess that my greatest anxiety is whether we are ready for Victory. It is certainly rather disturbing that Members of Parliament have been sent away on a long holiday of some seven weeks, rather like naughty schoolboys, told to run away and play, whilst the headmaster and his assistants deal with any trouble which may arise. This must be the one time in our rough island story when the people's representatives should be in something very like permanent session. There seems to be a deal too much secret diplomacy of all types going on at the present moment. If, for example, East Prussia, an undeniably German territory, is to be wrested from the Reich, will you or I be allowed to have much to say, or, indeed, anything to say about the matter?

SHAVING IN FRANCE

In liberated France we discover that enthusiasts are busy shaving the heads of women, young and old, who are said to have collaborated with the departed Nazis. The frequency of this kind of thing can no doubt easily be exaggerated. The main point, however, is that the United Nations have not come out at once with a statement of their attitude to this sort of conduct. Surely what we are fighting for includes the Rule of Law. Let those who are suspected be arrested by all means; but let there be a trial in every case. There can be no excuse whatsoever for the local inhabitants to take the law into their own hands. Only a little thought must make this obvious. For how can M. Leblanc know that M. Lenoir is a genuine collaborator? There are hundreds of cases of men and women who have been seen about with the Nazi conquerors, but who have in fact been agents of the Allies. More important still, it is essential that we should go back to Europe with Justice in our train.

Our exact relationship with de Gaulle remains unfixed. In the meantime, the General's press laws have created a universally unfavourable impression; and various news agencies have refused to have anything to do with his press authorities. That the self-styled Liberator of France should begin his régime with decrees abolishing the liberty of the press is such an appalling thing that no further comment is required. Naturally de Gaulle says that this slavery is to be 'only temporary'. Yet there is a well-known French proverb, 'Nothing lasts so long as the provisional.'

The new press laws of de Gaulle are in fact an almost exact copy of those of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte. He, too, began as a liberator. And it is comic, when you come to think of it! If de Gaulle is so sure of the warmth of his welcome, and the certainty of his election, why does he begin by trying to muzzle the citizens?

The sense of humour of the great French writer, André Gide, does not seem to have left him. He was accosted the other day in North Africa. 'I hear you are going to write the life of a great contemporary Frenchman?' he was asked. 'Who is the man?' The answer was 'Pucheu.'

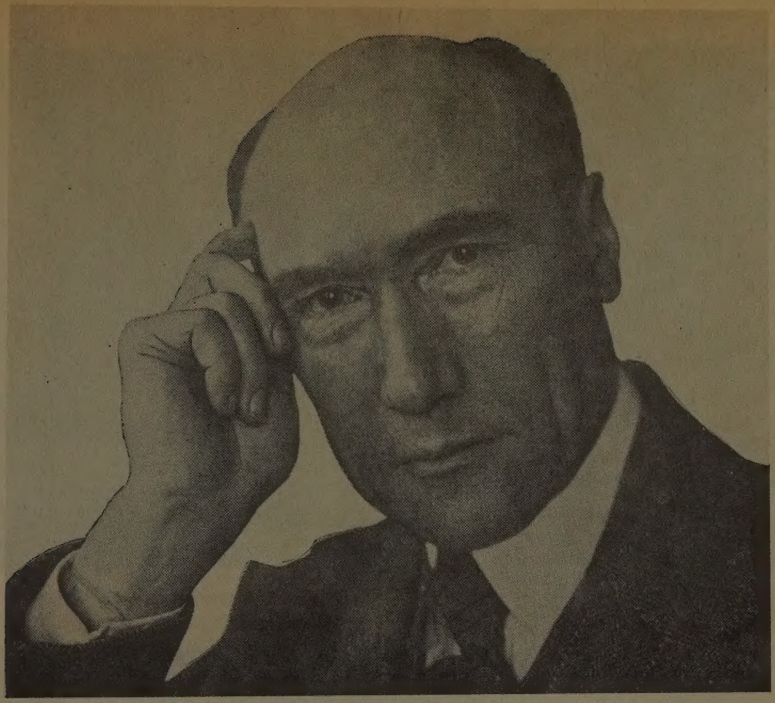
WALTER LIPPMANN, *famed U.S. foreign affairs compère, wants U.S.A. and Britain in same Region*

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER?

AT the moment we have nothing more constructive to offer German resisters, who have now proved their existence, even to blowing the Fuehrer's trousers off, than the formula of 'unconditional surrender'. Intelligent publications continue to fulminate against this barren slogan. It is, however, rumoured that the reason why our Government cannot say more is that actual Russian intentions towards Germany are so severe that it cannot in decency offer the Germans any hopes. Even in this case I should have thought that we could have set out our British policy. It cannot always be necessary to take the lead from Russia or the United States. And Britain is, after all, the country most concerned with Western Europe. A liberal ideology for the Western European world needs to be stated; and in this statement Britain should have a leading part. But she is still, at the eleventh hour, failing to move along these lines.

U.S. WAR AIMS

IN fact, the entire world picture continues obscure. I have recently been studying Walter Lippman's new 'U.S. War Aims', the sequel to his 'U.S. Foreign Policy'. It is a thousand pities that his new book was not published in this country, and in Russia, simultaneously with its publication in the States. Else how are we to co-ordinate our thinking? Lippmann is one of those extremely highly-paid men and women in the U.S.A. who have embraced the new profession of being 'a columnist'. Most of the columnists also do radio work. These people have largely



ANDRÉ GIDE, *ever-young septuagenarian French writer. Said to be working on a life of Pucheu*

supplanted the importance of the leader-writer in U.S. papers, and are syndicated all over the country. Though the leader-writers are said to be making a come-back in some quarters. Actually who reads the leaders here, except in the *Times* and to a lesser extent in the *Standard?* Anyhow, Lippmann is one of the very highly remunerated American oracles on foreign affairs. It would certainly be an encouraging sign if somebody were paid an equal sum over here for writing about world affairs. Though it is a curious fact that perfectly competent professors of foreign affairs, and similar subjects, in America are paid an extremely small sum, and are regarded as very small fry. It is a few people who have temporarily pushed into the limelight who can command the big money.

Be that as it may, Lippman's new work really tells us very little. It certainly does not stimulate in my mind any particularly new trains of thought. The two main theses, in a rather rambling and ill-weighted volume, are, that world understanding can only be built upon a basis of three or four 'Regions'; and that U.S.A. and Britain belong by nature to one and the same region, to wit, 'the Atlantic'. The danger in this line of thought is that this must imply that Britain is to be a great deal nearer to the United States than to Russia. Now, in my submission, this would not be less than fatal. If Britain is drawn under any kind of United States hegemony it can only mean *both* of two things. First, our trade will be ruined by United States big business, to say nothing of a reversal of our social plans. Secondly, we should in the end be drawn into a war against Russia. At the very worst, Britain must try to stand upon her own feet. Better,

Would NOEL COWARD'S In Which We Serve *have been better if his sailors had spoken like Yankees?*

RENÉ CLAIR, *here seen with his wife at the Gare St. Lazare. Would his masterpieces have been better if his Frenchmen had looked like Americans?*

she should, in co-operation with the Dominions and Colonies, and with France, Holland and Portugal and their colonies, form a third world group.

A LIBERAL ITALY?

SIGNOR BONOMI'S Italian Government has at length been allowed to translate itself from an unsalubrious Salerno to Rome. It is highly regrettable that Mr. Churchill saw fit to place every obstacle he could in the way of the formation of this administration. Britain should be able to look forward to a long period of friendship with a liberal Italy, a country which for long looked upon herself as our natural ally. Incidentally, will the Italians and, for that matter, the Germans, never have colonies again? The idea of international colonies now seems definitely out! Yet, after the necessary period of occupation, can it be seriously suggested that a liberal Italy, and a liberal Germany, are never to be fit to administer colonial territories? In the future the ex-enemy countries will either not become liberal, in which case the occupation must be prolonged, or the fever will have passed from them, in which case they can be treated like ordinary human beings. Abyssinia and Albania would obviously remain divorced from Italian interference. And a promise has also been made to the Senussi, the dominant tribe in Libya, that they will never again find themselves under the Italian flag. Though the general future of this important Mediterranean coastline does not seem so clear.

NO INTEREST IN JAPAN

IT is strange how little interest can be aroused in London over the future of Japan, a land containing an enterprising population larger than that of Germany. Undoubtedly no sort of support ought to be given to the type of American

LORD ASTOR, *one of the noblest figures in our public life, is despairing of Conservative land policy*

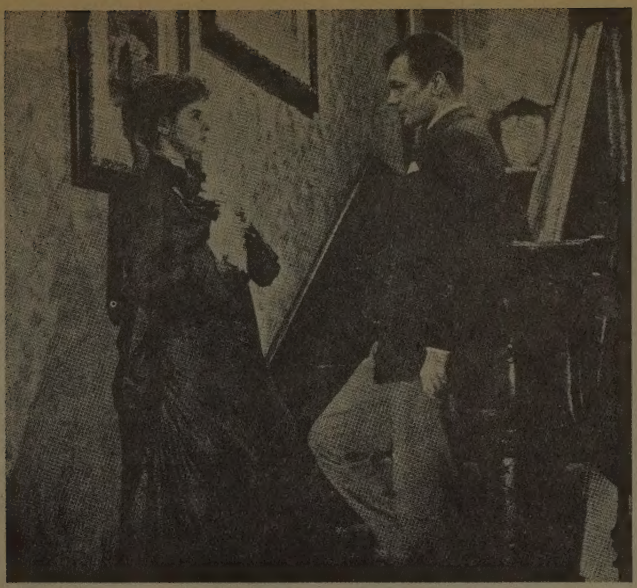
propaganda which seeks to show that the Japanese are sub-human, in other words, 'coloured folk'. As a matter of fact, Lippmann, in one of his more popular-journalistic moments, rants about the evils of Japanese feudalism. I have not come here, at this time of day, to preach the merits of feudalism in any clime. I merely point out that when Japan was feudal she was completely non-aggressive, and such a 'good neighbour' that she did not trouble her neighbours with even a visit. It was the United States Commodore Perry who opened Japan in 1853 to the splendours of modern

CHARLES BOYER *and* INGRID BERGMAN *in* Murder in Thornton Square *recently at Dominion, London. The British film it was that was murdered! Four years ago British National produced a fine film version of Patrick Hamilton's Victorian thriller play,* Gaslight. *Hollywood acquired the rights and destroyed all copies and also the negative. Produced less good film, called (in Britain)* Murder in Thornton Square

civilisation. I will say nothing of how Japanese—and Chinese 'friends', for that matter—are rigidly barred from the United States, or how Japanese trade was boycotted by the entire world. There is such a thing in international affairs as an analogy to Boyle's famous law in physics. Or, in other words, the greater the repression the louder the final explosion!

In any event, would Russia allow the United States to dominate Japan? Lippmann suggests, with I know not what support in his own country, that the liberalisation of Nippon should be undertaken exclusively by China. But I would hazard the guess that the Chinese have enough on their plate as it is.

Meanwhile, upon the Home Front, the Government seems equally unprepared to pluck the golden fruits of victory won by their arms. 'Full Employment' remains a White Paper, though a rather good one. More than one promise to bring out the White Paper on Beveridge (that is Social Insurance) has been definitely broken. The less said about the Town and Country Planning Bill, and the White Paper on the use of land, the better. As Lord Astor, the energetic Lord Mayor of Plymouth, who has now given up the Conservative Party, has so often asserted, no schemes for reconstruction can go forward at all until local authorities are given adequate powers to control the land upon which the houses for the new heroes must be built. We are now even faced with a dramatic end of the war without complete plans for demobilisation, and still more important, without any plans which may exist being adequately explained to the 'demobilisees'.



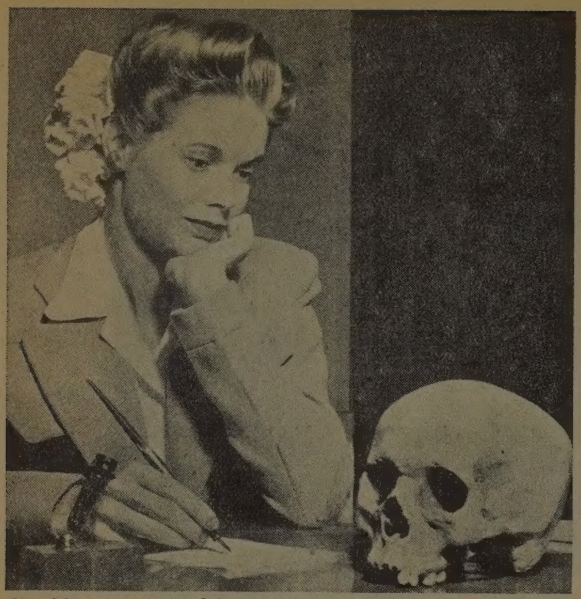
BERGMAN *and* JOSEPH COTTEN *in Hollywood's* Murder in Thornton Square

MORE BEER!

AT the very moment when those 'Somewhere in Southern England' require a little more cheer, the beer gives out! We are informed that this is so that the boys in France shall have their share. But the troops there have had very little, and the price charged by the well self-advertised NAAFI is high. Sir James Grigg answered that this is because they are not sure of getting back the empties! Surely a Griggism to end all Griggery! If it's the war they want to win, instead of inflating the self-importance of our more extreme Nonconformists, nothing would assist the morale of those contending with the doodle-bug in the said Southern portion of the kingdom than an adequate supply of the above-mentioned beverage. And, when every man and woman is urgently required for war tasks, why are our police devoting so much of their most valuable time to pursuing poker players? If the police are really finding time heavy on their hands, let them try to put a stop to the new outbreak of burglaries, and thefts of all kinds, to say nothing of the almost universal pilfering on the railways.

FILM CRITICS CHANGE THEIR MIND

A VERY considerable change can be observed in the tenour of criticisms of cinema films in the press. Until about a year ago, almost any picture, American or otherwise, was received by the critics with unrestrained pæans. Today it is the reverse. A number of film critics have followed the example set by Miss Lejeune in the *Observer*, and take up a somewhat condescending, and at times contemptuous, attitude to all celluloid. Miss Lejeune is far and away the best film critic in Britain, and has done much to inspire a school of cinema journalists who are fearless, funny, and sometimes almost as scholarly as play-critic Agate. Of late, indeed, some of these writers



One of the nastiest pictures of the war (Life, *May 22*). *U.S. secretary with Japanese skull from the boy friend. American suggestions that the Japanese are a sub-race are deplorable*

even go a little too far. Their humour is becoming somewhat repetitive; and they are not always quite fair to the products of Hollywood. The changed attitude to American films is, of course, of the essence of this whole matter. There is now a campaign, which is on the whole only too healthy, to refuse to applaud any old American stuff; and to strike a blow for a really strong British film industry. Complaints, for example, are made of the 'murder' of the British film, *Gaslight*, and its replacement here by a Hollywood product with the same theme. Students of the British film are, of course, at the moment in a cleft stick, because the British liberator, Arthur J. Rank, is said to be a monopolist.

In any case, however, there can be no argument but that our country ought to have a truly first-class film industry, not only for purely economic reasons, but for obvious reasons of prestige, and the advancement of general trade. We have got to the position that any reasonably good American film gets a good reception by the public here; but that American audiences still complain that British accents and manners are unintelligible. This can only mean one thing. That we have got to sell so many good pictures in America that the British way of life is as familiar to Americans as the American way of life is to the British. Many of our actors and actresses do mumble. But there is no reason why in general we need be ashamed of our own way of doing things. Would Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve* have been any better if his sailors had talked and behaved like Yankees? Were not René Clair's pictures masterpieces just because they portrayed France? Because they showed French people, and French workmen, and French engine drivers, and French railway stations, with such extreme fidelity that they bring the tears to one's eyes even now? A true art can only be the product of the ways of life of its own country. And the British should not, at this of all moments, fall back into their old habit of over self-depreciation. Before the war Britain certainly looked like going downhill. She has in many ways wonderfully regenerated herself—once again! She not only won the Battle of Britain. In the new Battle of France her soldiers are playing no secondary rôle. In the coming days of peace, her contribution will no less be required.

CITY OF THE PLAN

GEORGE EDINGER

PLYMOUTH is a gateway into England. Generations of travellers, tourists, merchants and students sailing from America have looked first on our country from a ship anchored in Plymouth Sound, a superb sheet of water flanked by the wooded headland of Mount Edgecumbe, and the bare grandeur of Haddon Cliffs, backed by the purple uplands that rise to the blue mists over Dartmoor. They are not likely to have been disappointed. All about them are just those soft green fields, smooth lawns, great tufted trees on the edge of the sea, that are conjured by the name 'England'. Now the travellers have been succeeded by great contingents of American fighting men. Most of the terraced town above the limestone cliffs has been flattened into rubble. The shores of the Sound are swallowed at nightfall in a mighty blackness. Yet the glory of that setting has not lost its spell. Enriched by many memories, favoured by woods and hills and rivers and the sea, set by the vigour of its citizens in the forefront of human history, Plymouth, even in ruins, is no mean city. One would not exchange it for any other introduction into England.

It was, one feels, suitable (in face of what was to follow *particularly* suitable) that the first flying-boat ever to cross the Atlantic came to rest in Plymouth Sound in 1920—not many yards from the old stone pier from which, exactly 300 years before, the Pilgrim Fathers set sail to make their New England in the Indian hunting grounds of Massachusetts.

For Plymouth is also the gateway out of England.

Forty years before the 'Mayflower' another ship sailed out of Plymouth Sound. She was the 'Golden Hind'. (Captain Francis Drake, later Mayor of his native city and its member of Parliament.) And when she returned it was by way of all the world.

Symbolic perhaps of the way that Plymouth (and there are places in England rather different) brings back her citizens when they have done with roving and made their fame and fortune.

There was another traveller who did not come back. At Plymouth Napoleon looked his last on Europe from the decks of the 'Bellerophon'. From its citizens, who came in boats to pay their respects to so steadfast an enemy, he heard the last tribute to his greatness.

And we do not know how many ever came back into Plymouth from the pioneer ship that sailed in 1839 with the first settlers for New Zealand. She was named the 'Tory', a name calculated to give many Plymouth men, past and present, a fit.

For this has never been a town famous for its submissiveness to Church and King.

That curious compound of the Puritan and the buccaneer, peculiar to the colonising genius of the British, always found its highest expression in Drake's native city.

It vented itself in the company that manned the 'Mayflower'. It burst out in the first Civil War when the people of Plymouth declared for Parliament in a West Country that was overwhelmingly Cavalier; and did so to such good purpose that the Royalist effort in this part of England wasted itself in a vain effort to reduce the stubborn city.

The feat is commemorated in the name of Freedom Park, where Roundhead England scored one of its greatest victories, and where Plymouth has maintained one of those rare open spaces in which the town is so paradoxically deficient.

The Puritanism, if not the buccaneering, persisted in the Port after the fight was won.

It is a very Protestant place. Nowhere was William of Orange received with warmer enthusiasm. He acknowledged it when he founded, in 1693, the great dockyard at Devonport which has been the main source of the city's wealth and importance ever since, so it is not surprising to discover such a multiplicity of Dissenting Chapels in Plymouth.

Some of them are three centuries old.

Their fabric has endured through the quality of the local granite that was used so suitably for building Nelson's column, and rather less so, for the pavements of Piccadilly.

It was fitting that in 1830 a new Nonconforming Brotherhood should take its name from the town out of which the first Nonconformists set sail in the 'Mayflower'.

That spirit is alive and rampant today in the City and in some of its leading citizens. It is embodied, for instance, in that contemporary character, Mr. Isaac Foot, the life and being of our Cromwell Society, a Plymouth solicitor, the most forceful figure in local Liberalism, and,

The heart of the City. Reduced to rubble a few hours after the visit of the King and Queen on 20 March 1941

oddly, the father of the prospective Socialist candidate for Devonport.

And there is more than a touch of Puritan uprightness in the person of Lord Astor, who both as Member and as Mayor has succeeded Sir Francis Drake . . . and not unworthily.

Certain aspects of Plymouth Puritanism are more controversial. To insist that, in a city filled with sailors and soldiers of so many nations as Plymouth is today, every cinema but one should shut shortly after nine o'clock, to make no provision for transport to take these men and women back to their ships and barracks after ten, has, I will testify it, led too often to precisely the things your Puritan is most anxious to avoid.

Culturally, too, this City which, for all its greatness and its wealth, could support *neither a theatre nor an orchestra,* compares unfavourably with Norwich, say, or Bristol. That she has produced no painters, poets, writers or musicians worthy of her heritage may be partly the fault of your Puritan's seeming horror of the beautiful.

Yet there are other components in the Plymouth make-up. A city, parted only by the width of the River Tamar from the Celtic Cornish uplands, peopled with legends and strange fancies, with memories of Iseult and Sir Tristran, the lost land of Lyonesse and King Arthur's Knights at Camelot, could never be entirely matter of fact.

It is oddly incongruous that just here of all places, the second greatest Church should be dedicated to the Royal Martyr, a fact politely concealed (no doubt to meet the susceptibilities of Mr. Isaac Foot and those who share his ideology) by always referring to it as 'Charles Church'.

The Royal Citadel overshadowing the old town was built by order of the second King Charles, to prevent a recurrence of the spirit that Plymouth had shown under the first.

One feels that the Merry Monarch must have been in a particularly merry, if not a mischievous, mood, when he ordered that wildly baroque decoration of the main gate where loyal inscriptions are framed in a wealth of wreaths, trumpets and trophies of arms. It is one of the finest treasures of English baroque, and nobody appears to have realised it. In fact, architecturally Plymouth has inherited a great deal. The old town east of the Citadel has lost more of its sixteenth century houses, stone and timber alike, through the ravages of local rather than foreign barbarians. Many have endured, thanks to the imagination and generosity of the old Plymouth Society, whose moving spirit, Mr. Parker, the

New Civic Precinct, and proposed approach to Hoe

architect, has fought seventy years of vandalism since the days when, as a schoolboy, he worked for the French Red Cross in the 1870 war, because he felt, he told me, 'that the Prussians were getting too cocky.'

The fifteenth-century Parish Church of St. Andrew has lost its rich carved oak pews and all the splendours of its interior to the enemy's bombs. But the walls and the tower are there.

At the foot of the granite piers they have planted flower beds; green lawns have been laid out where there were lately stone pavements; and the high altar is flanked with beds of daffodils, tulips and geraniums, according to the season.

Evensong under a clear summer sky in this Garden Church is among the most moving experiences I shall carry from the war years.

'Charles Church', last Gothic monument of the Stuart age (it was built in the sixteen-forties), was also wrecked, though it has preserved its walls and spire.

But the architect who most stamped Plymouth with his genius, who did for her what Nash has done for London, and Wood for Bath, was Foulston. He worked in the years round the Battle of Waterloo.

His urbane terraces and crescents still guard the approaches to the Hoe. Royal Terrace, a block which, with the Athenaeum, used to form as pleasing a harmony of the final great period of English town architecture, the first quarter of last century, had already been wrecked by *that incongruous monstrosity, the Royal Cinema,* before the Nazis blasted it into oblivion. But Princess' Square, which they propose to sacrifice to the Plymouth Plan, is a fine example of what Britons used to build under the third King George.

Devonport, and Stonehouse which adjoins it, contain pleasing streets, terraces and towers solidly built in the eighteenth century.

St. Aubyn Street, Admiral's Hard, the Royal Marine Barracks, one of our earliest Baptist Chapels (now a wine merchant's and public house), the Admiral's house at Mount Wise . . . these have all survived the bombs that obliterated the garish vulgarity of Fore Street.

But it seems that they are going to be pulled down so that the Dockyard may be extended. So at least I understand the Plymouth Plan which, as at present set out, requires a deal of understanding. Another pleasing feature of the City is a local stone, unfortunately no longer quarried, with veins and markings of many colours, like pebbles smoothed by the sea. Some of the older streets like Clarence Street are still paved with it.

These distinguished and delightful things stand revealed by the destruction of so much that was uninteresting and ugly in the bombing of 1941. They are also clearer through the absence of

Model of Drake's Golden Hind *in the Sound during Navy Week*

traffic that has moved with the centre of gravity north towards Tavistock. It is easy now that one has the City more or less to oneself on a summer evening (after the last bus has removed the naval and military population to their quarters, around 9.30 p.m.) to forget that Plymouth was one of the most congested and crowded of all our great cities. 220,000 people were living on 9,500 acres within the City limits. But two-thirds of that area was either entirely undeveloped, or covered by factories, offices, chapels and civic buildings.

The average density was 71 to the acre, but they were distributed so unevenly that in two wards more than 200 people lived on every acre. Overcrowding was worse than in the East End of London. Seven acres of open space to every thousand people is accepted in these days as a national requirement for the good health and efficient working of a city. Plymouth has just over three.

It is true that a large tract of open land, Central Park, and even a stretch of unspoiled Devon country, fall within the City boundary. But these are thrust away to the north western edges and not easily got at by the people who need them most. True, too, the country . . . and such country! . . . is within walking distance of any part of the town. But by the time you have walked there you are too tired to enjoy it.

Plymouth, like all our towns, had continued to sprout new buildings along the old ground plan. So traffic congestion was appalling. At the centre it was worse than in any town of Southern England, London excepted. Some seven hundred cars of one sort or another used to pass the Public Library every hour for sixteen hours of the twenty-four.

Plymouth paid the price in accidents, and things did not improve when the place began to sprawl in ribbons all along its three land approaches.

All this was aggravated in 1939. An influx of evacuees began to swell the already packed city, the only one for 150 miles big enough to provide the attractions that your twentieth-century townsman seems to think indispensable.

That was in the months of 'phoney war', when nobody dreamed that the West Country could be anything but safe; and Torquay acquired an unhappy notoriety as a funk hole.

It was the swift and catastrophic collapse of France that bared Plymouth, unsuspecting, to the worst the *Luftwaffe* could do.

A port, a dockyard, a victualling yard, a naval station and an arsenal . . . that target could not go unmarked. It didn't. Fifty-nine attacks were launched on those 9,500 acres. They began in June 1940. They came every week, till the great climax in March and April of 1941, then they tailed away in regularity and intensity. But there were occasions like the nights of 21 and 22 March, and 23 and 24 April of 1941, when it was almost more than human beings could bear.

Most of us, in this war, have been bombed at some time and place. But there are degrees in bombing. To live in the London blitz in Holborn, for instance, was a very different experience from living in the London blitz in Hampstead . . . I have done both.

It may be that the bombing of Plymouth never reached the intensity of that ghastly November raid on Coventry. But nowhere in Britain has so small and compact an area been subjected to the fierce sustained ordeal that Plymouth and Devonport had to bear between the June when France fell and the June when Russia stood.

Raids like these, compressed upon a small space enclosed between two rivers, the moorland and the sea, make every bomb that drops seem very near to every household in the town. They have been described as wanton, haphazard, without a pattern.

It is nonsense. Together with Mr. Colin Campbell, Town Clerk and A.R.P. Controller, whose quiet humour must have been a standby when he was blasted successively out of three headquarters, I went over the chart that showed where the bombs fell.

By the standards of 1940—which are not the standards of 1944—that bombing was a masterpiece of system and of plan . . . whether it got the targets is another matter. The whole area was covered with a devilish degree of thoroughness. Beginning at the eastern industrial suburbs left of the Plym, the weight of bombs shifted a degree west every night—with a generous measure of overlapping, till it halted at the westernmost residential fringes on the edge of the Tamar River.

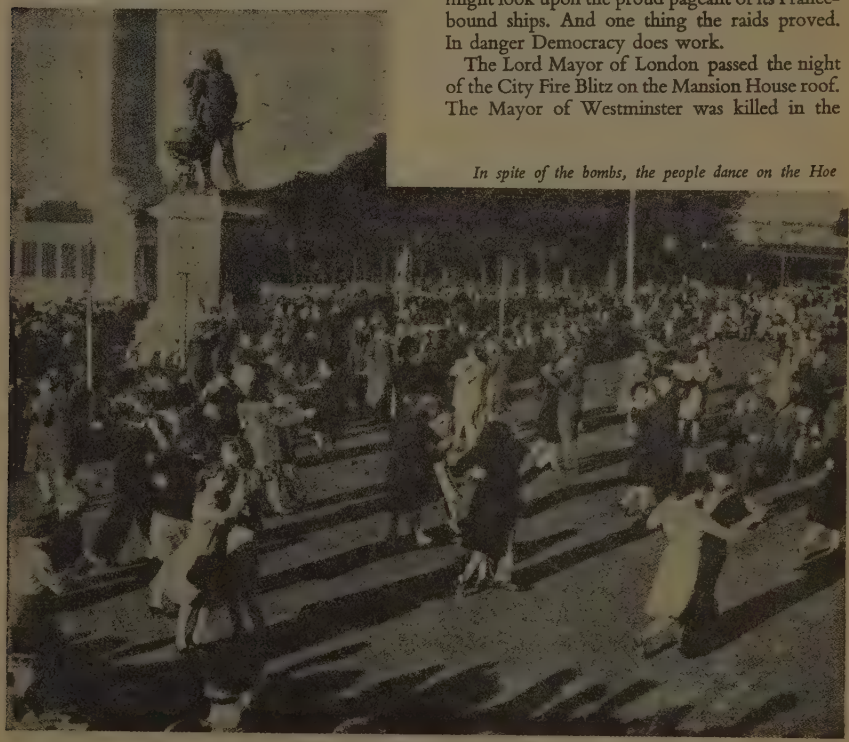
Plymouth, unlike London, had not evacuated its women and children and weaker brethren. Indeed it had taken others in.

Mr. Vincent Sheean, that keen American journalist whose impressions of a world at war he set out in his *Between the Thunder and the Sun*, stressed the compensating joys of those blitz days in London when the people left in town were just the ones worth meeting, who 'made a point of staying in town even at the week end.' At the coming of the 'doodle-bugs' we experienced the same thing again.

Plymouth in her first ordeal was less suitably garrisoned. Inevitably the most striking impression was the wrong one, particularly since all the runaways were confined to three main roads . . . there are no more out of the City. The loss of life was amazingly small. But the damage was immense. Forty churches, all the civic buildings, the Library with 70,000 books, one-third of the property value of the City, were obliterated.

But the enemy did not knock out the port or the dockyard, or the victualling yard or the naval station or the arsenal. There came a day, and it was not so long after, when a man could cross Plymouth Sound stepping from landing craft to landing craft and it was thought wise to close the Hoe, lest an undesirable observer might look upon the proud pageant of its France-bound ships. And one thing the raids proved. In danger Democracy does work.

The Lord Mayor of London passed the night of the City Fire Blitz on the Mansion House roof. The Mayor of Westminster was killed in the



In spite of the bombs, the people dance on the Hoe

streets of Westminster on his rounds. The Lord Mayor of Plymouth (five times in succession Lord Astor has been Lord Mayor) was in the middle of the worst of it: working, planning, devising, helping the town. It was he who opened the Lord Mayor's Fund (to which all subscribed, but to which I fancy he subscribed more than most) for providing through everybody and for everybody, relief, encouragement, shelter, food, entertainment, and the impulse to carry on.

It was Lady Astor, M.P. for Sutton (which is Central Plymouth) since 1919, who conceived the idea of reviving that custom of Napoleon's Wars: dancing in the open on the Hoe.

Day and night the elected aldermen, councillors, and magistrates rose to the high obligations of their ancient office. Wardens and volunteers, the firemen and ambulance drivers were somehow always at their posts. It did not only happen in Plymouth. But nowhere save in Plymouth did so small a city have to rely upon itself alone. There is no other town of the size within 150 miles, no town of half the size within fifty miles. Only one outside source of help was there—the Royal Navy—and their co-operation cemented a bond more ancient than the days of Drake.

And in the evenings they stood up and danced on the Hoe. Their gesture was trebly symbolic—it was symbolic because the dancers had lost all that belonged to them and they danced—symbolic because night was coming with the certain promise of another raid—and they danced—symbolic, above all, because it was the Hoe.

For the Hoe has embodied the spirit of Plymouth these four hundred years. It is a terraced sweep of grass that slopes to the sea on a base of limestone cliffs. From it you have an unbroken view of Plymouth Sound in all its glory. Drake's island in the foreground; Eddystone's lighthouse shimmering on a horizon not seldom lit these days by the burst of star shells over France.

Once the Hoe was a bowling green.

History did not omit to note that Drake had a game there interrupted by the tidings of the Armada's approach but would not be deterred from playing to the end.

Today it serves Plymouth for a sea front, and at the foot of it there is a bathing pool.

The Hoe is crowned by terraces—the gracious Regency 'Esplanade', Elliot Terrace which is pompous and mid-Victorian, and the Grand Hotel which is very grand indeed—all these in the local grey granite which makes the worst of them not entirely unpleasing.

It carries an asphalt walk that is much too broad, and some unfortunate monuments have been inflicted on it. There is a florid Britannia that was put up in 1884—and looks like it!—alongside a portly Drake of the same unlovely epoch.

An utterly characterless cenotaph, reproduced without modifications at Plymouth and Chatham, commemorates the navy personnel killed in the war to end war between 1914 and 1918.

Rather more distinguished is the upper part of the third Eddystone Lighthouse (1744). But it is to be hoped that the Hoe will not be disfigured by any more monuments. For it is a splendid place, even if it is shut off from the town by narrow and unsuspected approaches which run under a tawdry latticework arch—in the worst funfair style—that bids you 'Welcome to the Hoe'. It is so splendid that the compilers of Plymouth's New Plan, which is splendid too, have aimed to bring it properly into the scheme of the town they want to build tomorrow.

Just because the damage was so concentrated, their chance is so magnificent. Here is your town planner's dream, a city centre razed to be renewed. And through the city centre, down from the railway station on the hill, right on to Plymouth Hoe the planners would lead the eye along a prospect lined by flowering cherry trees, and parted by green lawns and ornamental water to make a two-track road.

Left of the station they have laid out their prospected residential area, while to the right of it the space is reserved for B.B.C. and other cultural buildings, which sounds alarming! You would pass on towards the Hoe, flashing at you at the end of the vista of cherry trees, between Government offices (the planners are a bit state-minded), till you reached the shopping precincts. If you are in a car, you will have to get out and walk to see the precincts. You won't have to walk more than forty yards in any direction, but you will have to walk.

The idea is that the shoppers would be happier wandering around at their leisure, without having to look out for screeching motors whenever they wanted to cross the road.

And so no doubt they would. But the secretary of the Mercantile Association tells me the shopkeepers are of another mind! They have, most of them, the idea that a man or woman comes back to a shop to buy something seen out of the window of a bus or car, *a delusion most unfortunate.*

Finally, you would enter the civic centre, stretching beyond the present municipal buildings over Princess' Square, pass a resurrected St. Andrews, see on your right the old town reconditioned, with the walls of its houses banked up to form a rampart behind a greensward, and

go through a garden between banks, hotels and boarding houses to the Hoe.

All that is part of the Plymouth Plan.

But there is much more to it. At your civic centre the main way north and south would converge on a prolonged Union Street running west to east. Devonport would be mostly eaten up by an extended dockyard, its inhabitants removed to St. Budeaux, where they would set one of the nineteen self-contained communities into which Plymouth would be divided, each with its central space and surrounding green belt.

But the unspoiled stretch of hill and copse and lane inside the northern limit is to be left. To build over little Dock Lane and Ham Lane would be wanton vandalism. The planners are right to say so.

Beyond the present city limits it is their idea to build up a new community wherever development has already started sprouting, and to leave all still unscarred open country undisturbed, close to the city.

The ribbon building that litters the approaches and the sea coast would be tidied up till it ceased to obtrude itself. By a careful use of space, the compilers of this Plymouth Plan undertake to house the whole of Plymouth in sane and sensible conditions, all within walking distance of their work. They have done much. And, but for the neighbouring local authorities who refused to come into the scheme, they would have done still more. Their undertaking was enormous, and they have performed it well.

For all this was essentially the work of two men, the expert on planning and design, Mr. Patrick Abercrombie, whose jaunty, stimulating personality delighted all who till the war interested themselves in the work of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and Mr. Pato Watson, the City Engineer, who is blessed with those twin essentials—keen imagination and shrewd humour. Unfortunately, with so much to say, they were poor adepts at saying it. The Plan is a portentous thing to read. Few simple men can grasp its terminology, and this has given the critics their chance—in conclaves and in the columns of the *Western Morning News* and the *Evening Herald* whose attitude is hardly helpful. Indignant realists immediately started to count the cost, and they have been counting it ever since.

In terms of the rates, this Plymouth Plan, they reckon, will add two and sixpence to their ten shillings in the pound. That it will pay for itself, over and over, if only in the health, happiness, material and spiritual wellbeing of the people is but a nebulous thing to set against two solid shillings and sixpence.

The city aldermen, councillors and magistrates who rose to the ordeal of the blitz days began to think in terms of politics, and municipal politics at that.

Parties demanded a proportionate representation on the Reconstruction Committee, where it is held essential that the Plan should be implemented by mathematically proportionate contingents of declared Conservatives, Socialists and Liberals. And as the majority party, the Conservatives demanded the right to appoint a chairman.

Now it so happens that the Lord Mayor, who not only upholds but also suggested the Plymouth Plan is, was, or at any rate seems to think that he was, a Conservative.

But after five successive terms as unopposed Chief Magistrate, he declared that he would preside as an Independent or he would not preside at all.

The Conservatives thereupon nominated a more distinctively Party Chairman; and invited Lord Astor to sit as a Conservative representative. Thereupon Lord Astor, whom I discovered next morning not too hopefully looking out over the Hoe through the windows of the Lord Mayor's parlour (temporarily transferred into his private house) resigned from the Reconstruction Committee.

If things are left there, which was where I left them when I took my leave of Plymouth, it certainly looks bad for the Plan.

But there are other forces.

From all over the City, from Plymouth men and women outside the City, above all from Plymouth men fighting their country's battles in distant parts of the world, have come many letters, in a single sense.

'We were not quite sure of the sort of Britain we were fighting for. But we have seen the City Plan, and that is it.'

In pubs and parlours, at bus stops and dance hall queues, in letters to the *Morning News* and to the *Evening Herald* they say they want the Plan; they want the whole Plan and nothing but the Plan.

And if there be Plymouth men or women under forty who do not want the Plan, I have not met them. For the city of many great adventures is embarked upon the greatest adventure of them all. The community that pioneered with Hawkins and Drake, the Pilgrim Fathers and the settlers in New Zealand, is faced with the most inspiring of pioneer venture of all time. It is asked to start a new world right in the heart of the old.

So one can sense a wonder in the place, a wonder whether the people that faced the blitz so bravely can also face a generous gesture of self-sacrifice for the sake of the Plymouth of tomorrow.

A CENSUS OF DISTRIBUTION IS WANTED

PROFESSOR HERMANN LEVY

THE lack of comprehensive statistical information about shops and shopkeepers was, before this war, a constant regret on the part of students of the problems of retail distribution. Not even the number of shops in this country is reliably known. Some estimate it to be 600,000; others go so far as to put it at over 1,000,000. During this war 'the absence of a census of distribution' was emphasised by a Board of Trade Committee when it reported on the 'Impact of the War on the Retail Trades'. The need for such a census will not grow less when the war is over. We must be aware that the aim of economic policy after the war must not be all in the line of development and expansion. There will be a great need for a policy of economy as well. When it is frequently said that there is much over-lapping and waste in retailing, that distributive costs are too high, and that the number of shops is excessive, such general assumptions, true as they may be, require verification by facts and figures. It is significant that Sir George Schuster, M.P., recently observed in *The Times*: 'What does distribution really cost? Need it cost so much? An intelligent public opinion on these questions is impossible without a knowledge of facts. We need a census of distribution.'

It seems surprising that a country like Britain which, though sometimes ridiculed by foreign dictators as 'a nation of shopkeepers', has never ceased to hold retail distribution in high esteem, offers so little information about a section of its economic activities, which—wholesale and retail trade taken together—is estimated to give a living to nearly four million people. In the United States of America, in Canada, and in the Irish Free State, the facts have already been sampled and published. In this country, where in 1935 for the fifth time the Quinquennial Census of Production was started, and where agricultural statistics have long given a very distinct picture of many phases of production as they relate to the size of holdings, statistics of distribution are almost absent. There is a retail trade index, published monthly in the *Board of Trade Journal*. But even this index, which is devised to give information about seasonal fluctuations of trade, is deserving of improvement, and it gives no clue to the burning problems of retail distribution. There are some valuable specialised studies, such as those sponsored by the Retail Distributors' Association, or the inquiry into the pharmacist's profession and business undertaken shortly before the war by the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain. But all such attempts remain limited to a rather narrow field of the vast problem.

This deficiency in our economic and social knowledge is not accidental, nor is it altogether to be attributed to bureaucratic inertia. It is closely connected with the great difficulties which any investigation into retail distribution has to encounter. Production is more or less divided into relatively few clearly distinguishable types of units, which become even more standardised as the movement of concentration in industry goes on. In agriculture, production may be divided into its various sections, and statistics of agricultural holdings, classified according to a few different sizes, may be sufficient to supply a picture of value. With distribution, the matter looks very different. Distribution, compared with production, presents an atomic, if not sometimes a chaotic, picture of organisation. From the moment the commodity leaves the producer, it enters a labyrinthine network of possible channels till it reaches the consumer.

It is here that the difficulty of any statistical account of distribution sets in. Let us not overlook the fact that the term 'distribution' is not confined to 'retail' distribution proper. It also covers those stages of trade, and of handling the goods, before they reach the shopkeeper or any other media of retail distribution proper. A census of distribution should clearly cover these stages. Goods may be sold directly by the manufacturer to retailers (and nowadays this seems to be a growing tendency in many trades). They are, however, most generally sold by wholesalers. Here again they may be offered by wholesale houses, or they may have to pass markets, auction markets or (for instance milk) depôts. There may be (as with many foods) intermediary stages of processing or grading or packing which have to be included in distributive costs. When Lord Woolton gave an estimate of the annual cost of distribution of certain kinds of food, he emphasised that the sum of £400 million, by which their retail price

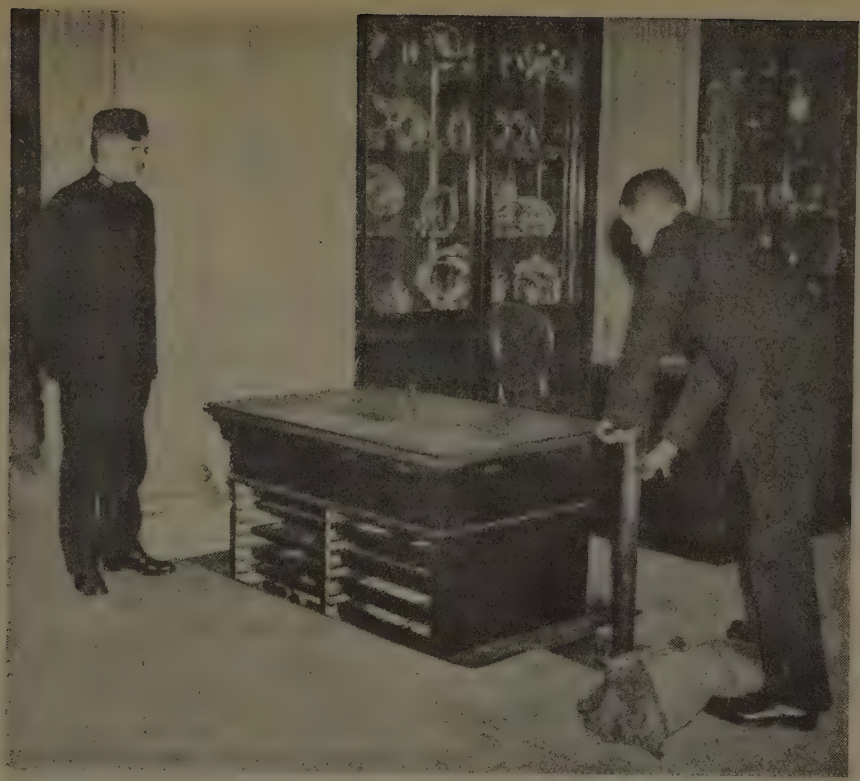
During the Coronation the decorations of this department store were one of the sights of London

exceeded the £900 million at which distributors had bought them, included many such intermediary items, and not only 'the cost of distribution *proper*'. A census of distribution would have to take into account these conditions. It should also embody figures relating to the 'transport charges' as they enter the chain of distribution. Such figures may give an indication as to whether goods are conveyed to consumers from the nearest producing districts, or whether there may be anomalies in that respect as, for instance, those which have been created by our artificial system of milk distribution. But the complexity of the distribution problem still increases when we deal with *retailing proper*. It must not be overlooked that sale by shops is the most frequent, but by no means the only, system of retailing. There is sale of commodities by retail markets, by street vendors and hawkers, by kiosks and caterers, by mail-order houses, and door-to-door sellers of specialities. There are producer-retailers—farmers, for instance—who sell their milk or vegetables to consumers direct, and while neither a hairdresser nor a tea-room may be classified as a retailer proper, the one may sell cosmetics, and the other cigarettes and cake over the counter. Difficulties of that sort may be met if a census of distribution does not confine itself to the enumeration of the number of shops in each classified or scheduled trade—as, for instance, butchers, drapers, ironmongers, chemists, etc.—but enlarges its scope to the enumeration of what may be called 'commodity outlets'. In that case it is not the shop as a trade unit which matters, but the statistical object is to follow the commodities into all the possible outlets which

may be open to them. Toothpaste may be sold by chemists, by druggists, by grocers, by general stores, stationery by tobacconists, chemists (like Boots), bazaars; confectionery by sweet shops, bakers, tobacconists, grocers, caterers. There is undoubtedly a tendency towards what has been called the 'compound' shop, a tendency from the specialised shop to that dealing with commodities which would formerly have been regarded as most heterogeneous objects for retail by a single shop. This tendency is by no means confined to department stores, bazaars, or such specialised 'department stores' as seem to develop in the pharmaceutical trade. It is a tendency which is more and more invading the former 'single trade type' shop. With grocers it seems to be most conspicuous. A census of retail distribution must, therefore, pay particular attention to an enumeration and the grouping of 'commodity outlets', as distinct from the number of shops in the various branches of trade—but this, indeed, is by no means an easy task!

The next difficulty arises with the economic 'type of shop'. Shops must be classified according to the different patterns of their organisation. This, indeed, may become the most essential object of a census of distribution. In view of the problem of whether there are 'too many shops', the question of importance is to find out under what conditions or organisation and trade technique goods are in general retailed. Here, again, there is a variety of types. The gross distinctions are the following. There is the so-called unit shop, which the Board of Trade has recently described as 'the traditional type of shop carried on as an independent business.' It may be found in main streets, often of a considerable size, or in a side street, sometimes so small as to be run as a part-time occupation. There is the multiple shop—one of a chain operating in many different areas, but administered by one large concern. It may not differ so much from the medium independent retailer in size and turn-over as in its financial organisation and competitive power. There is the variety chain store or the fixed-price chain store, a sort of multiple shop with the character of a bazaar. One might even consider it as the 'market' in the modern development of shopping, mostly in non-food articles. On a higher level stands the department store, which is also sometimes financially linked up with stores of a similar character in other centres. Its characteristics are not that it deals with many heterogeneous commodities (a trait which it has in common with price-fixed variety chain stores) but that it appeals to a more well-to-do clientèle in the best shopping centres of a town. Last, not least, there are the co-operative stores, which again differ from other types, less as a type of economic unit than by a conception of mutual trading with a view to eliminating profits for the benefit of members. It is to these types of unit that a census of distribution should mainly devote its classification. All these types have their particular sociological background. The expediency of their preservation, or else their gradual replacement, plays an outstanding part in all discussions about the future of retailing. A census of distribution may reveal how far this or that type actually serves the needs of retail buying of various classes. In that respect it is important to know what percentage of turnover is represented by different types of shops, and how far they serve consumers of various population areas. A sample survey made in 1942 by the Retail Trade Committee of the Board of Trade (for non-food trades) revealed the fact that less than 30 per cent of the shops by number were congregated in the main streets, and over 70 per cent were spread over the remaining, and very much larger, areas of the town. But the figures for estimated turnover practically reversed those for numbers. Nearly 70 per cent of the trade *in value* was taken in the main streets, and only a little over 30 per cent was left to the widely dispersed subsidiary streets.

These are some of the problems which a census of distribution may be able to elucidate. But there are many others. To know more about shop assistants, their distribution over various retail trade groups, and over types of shops in these groups; the position of the shopkeeper working as his own assistant with his family; the income derived by shops and stores of various types; figures relating to turnover and the various items in the cost of retailing, are other factors which the census may well eludicate. When in 1937 the British National Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce published its *Trial Census of Distribution in Six Towns*, this very apt preliminary analysis of what a census of distribution should do included some remarkable notes by various private firms saying how they would use a distribution census. These notes unanimously emphasised the great importance which these firms attached from their private commercial point of view to the possible findings of a census of distribution. In the words of one of them: 'The Census would keep us up-to-date as regards the opening up of outlets and we should vary our selling team accordingly. The tendency of traders to broaden their basis by adding other lines to the regular commodities is



Precautions at the Crown Jewellers. This safe sinks into a well during the day

growing. The Census would help us to work out whether it would pay us to increase our selling force in consequence.' Another firm wrote: 'If the Census of Distribution were actually available, it would mean to us that instead of working as we admittedly do, largely in the dark, we should be able to get the clearest picture of what we ought to be doing in each town.'

Such statements should help to encourage a great national attempt in this matter, in spite of the difficulties which we have been trying to disclose. The cost may be considerable. The American Census of Distribution, covering 1½ million stores, cost the sum of £900,000. The probable cost of a British Census of Distribution was estimated (before the war) to amount to some £500,000. But there can be no doubt that this outlay would be amply repaid. It would not only free private firms from the disadvantage of 'working largely in the dark' but, even more important, it would enable legislators and public bodies to make their reconstruction plans on far safer ground than at present.

In a 'Statistical Note' to the recently published *Report of the British National Committee of the International Chamber of Trade on 'World Trade'*, Dr. W. H. Coates and Prof. G. A. Duncan have urged the necessity for more statistical information about production. They have rightly emphasised that such information should cover consumers' goods as well as production goods. The authors will surely agree that, as regards consumers' goods, it is not only important to know where they are produced, but also how they are distributed. In this sense a Census of Distribution would represent the necessary and welcome complement to the desired progress in other fields of statistical information.

ERRORS OF THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES (II)

THE TERMS OF THE TREATY; THE ESSENTIAL CLAUSES AFFECTING FRANCE AND THE SUCCESSIVE AMPUTATIONS

VICE-ADMIRAL MUSELIER

THE disasters of 1870–71 and the Treaty of Frankfurt had, despite the protests of the people of Alsace-Lorraine, severed two of her best provinces from France; imposed a heavy war debt on her, and caused German trade and commerce to benefit from the very advantageous clause of the 'most favoured nation'. But after this France recovered rapidly and vigorously. In face of repeated German threats and provocations, a solid network of alliances was formed—first the Franco-Russian alliance, then the Triple Entente. Nevertheless, the Republic remained essentially pacifist.

In 1905, Prince von Bülow, Chancellor of the Empire, told Tardieu: 'In France your universities are schools for political and social discussion and criticism. In Germany our universities are the strongholds of an inspired nationalism.' The rising German generation had been brought up with the idea that it was the vanguard of a 'master race', in contrast to the French, whom they looked on as a nation 'envious, turbulent, brawling'—a nation of ciphers, 'a herd of 30,000,000 Kafirs'.

French gold, our resources, and especially our iron and coal mines in the North and East, and our colonies were coveted by the Reich, and Bernhardi declared in 1911: 'We can find no pretext for avoiding war . . . and not only is there no point in delaying it unduly, but, on the contrary, it should be *provoked* under the most favourable conditions.'

As the German military budget grew each year with alarming rapidity, our economists were preaching 'war is not possible', and our politicians would add 'we don't want war.' In short, France was not prepared, and each time the Reich presented new demands, our Government, always ready to conciliate—in 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, and 1911—replied by accepting solutions that were invariably peaceful, and by way of compromise in order to preserve peace, Caillaux even went as far as to cede part of the Congo to Germany.

France pursued her pacifist policy with a blind calm on the edge of a volcano.

We know how in 1914, after refusing to yield to the shameful demand for the handing over of Toul and Verdun, France, faithful to the Russian alliance, found herself faced with war.

It was, to begin with, purely a war of national defence. Then, as the great majority of the free peoples, after the violation of Belgian neutrality, gathered round France and Britain, and especially after the downfall of Tzarist Russia, this national war became an ideological struggle, having as its aim the liberation of the enslaved nations.

The Peace Conference, therefore, was an essential outcome of the Armistice. There was disagreement amongst the French. On the one hand, the old Jacobin philosopher, Clemenceau, the 'father of victory', the Premier, faithful to the principles of liberty which he had always defended. On the other, Poincaré, President of the Republic, and an old patriot of Lorraine, and Marshal Foch, who wanted military security for France above all else by restoring her natural frontier, the Rhine. But in the French delegation it was the arguments of the old idealistic philosopher Clemenceau which triumphed over those put forward by Marshal Foch the militarist, discreetly supported by the rhetoric of the barrister Poincaré.

The work to be done by the members of the Peace Conference was immense. It was a question of reshaping the map of the world, after 'a war without precedent, in the course of which, for the first time, whole nations had fought (70 million mobilised, 8 million killed and 30 million wounded).' This work was increased also, as Tardieu has so rightly said, 'by the complexity of its elements'. All national forces had been brought into play: military, naval, air, agricultural, industrial, commercial, financial, and even moral. And it was to a combination of these forces, and indeed to the world as a whole, that the conditions of this Treaty had to apply.

They were faced with a heap of ruins which had to be restored. Lloyd George had said in 1918: 'Germany will pay for everything.' And these words, perhaps imprudent because of the

false hopes they gave rise to, had become the slogan in Belgium, France and all the countries which had suffered most. But at the Conference it was necessary to determine how much Germany could pay, and with how little delay. When the principles establishing the responsibility of Germany and the right to Reparations had been admitted, formulæ had to be found to allocate the various terms of payment. And, according to these conditions, the fulfilment of the clauses was evidently to be carried out over a period of years.

It was necessary to build the new nations, such as Poland and Czechoslovakia, on solid foundations. It was necessary to make certain that Germany would never rise again. It was necessary to set out in precise terms, and to safeguard, the principles of right and liberty for which the 'Allied and Associated' powers had fought; to apply these principles to the victors as well as to the vanquished, and to make the neutrals accept them. It was also necessary to give the workers an assurance for the future, as a reward for their sacrifice of flesh and blood and a guarantee against the approaching menace of Bolshevism. It was necessary (or at least it should have been necessary) to consolidate the union of the victors and thereby ensure peace for the future.

There were two opposing principles: on the one side, the victorious free peoples who had had faith in a just cause; on the other side, the vanquished, who had tried to triumph with the principle 'might above right'.

The war aims of the Allies had been set forth on 30 December 1916, by M. Aristide Briand in a declaration handed over in the name of all the Allies to the American Ambassador. This declaration can be summed up under three heads: 'Right of Peoples; Reparations; and League of Nations.'

On 10 January 1917, Briand had specified, in a reply to a question from President Wilson, once again speaking for all the Allies, in a note handed to the American Ambassador:

(1) The restoration of Belgium, Serbia, *and Montenegro,* with the proper indemnities.

(2) Evacuation of the invaded territory in France, Russia and Roumania, with just Reparations.

(3) Reorganisation of Europe, guaranteed by a stable régime, based equally on respect for nationality and the right possessed by all nations, big and small, to complete security and freedom of economic development, and on the territorial conventions and international settlements for assuring sea and land frontiers against unjustifiable aggression.

(4) Restoration of the provinces or territories at one time seized from the Allies by force or against the vote of the peoples.

(5) Liberation of Slavs, Italians, Roumanians and Czechs from foreign domination.

(6) Release of the peoples subjected to the bloody tyranny of the Turks; casting out of Europe the Ottoman Empire, decidedly foreign to Western civilisation.

POINCARÉ, *President of the Republic, discreetly supported Foch's demand for French security against the more idealistic Clemenceau*

FOCH *demanded security for France by the restoration of 'the natural frontier' of the Rhine*

(7) 'The intentions of H.M. the Emperor of all the Russias with regard to Poland have been clearly indicated by the proclamation he has just made to his armies.'

(8) The Allies have never planned the extermination of the German people or their political disappearance.

After a long discussion, the French *Chambre des Députés*, on 5 June 1917, agreed on the following:

'*La Chambre,* endorsing the unanimous protest brought before the national assembly in 1871 by the representatives of Alsace-Lorraine, snatched from France against her will, declares that she expects from the war, which has been thrust on Europe by the aggression of imperialistic Germany, the liberation of the invaded territories, the return of Alsace-Lorraine to the mother country, and just Reparations for damages.

'Far from any thought of conquest and enslavement of foreign peoples, she looks to the effort of the armies of the Republic and of the Allies, once Prussian militarism is overthrown, to bring about lasting guarantees of peace and independence for nations great and small, by an organisation—the League of Nations.'

The very next day the Senate unanimously voted that:

'The Senate, convinced that lasting peace can only result from the victory of the Allied armies, affirms the will of France, steadfast in her alliances, faithful to her ideal of independence and freedom for all nations, to carry on the war until the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine is brought about; the recognition of crimes; the reparation of damages, and the guarantee that there would be no counter-offensive by German militarism.'

In Britain, as well as in Italy and Belgium, Parliament, in almost identical terms, had approved of their Government's decisions. The war aims were publicly announced. On 8 January 1918, President Wilson put before Congress 'the programme for world peace' in the following famous 'Fourteen Points':

(1) The evacuation and restoration of Belgium, without any attempt to limit her sovereignty.

(2) Freeing of French territory; restoration of the invaded portions; righting of the wrong done to France in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine.

(3) The evacuation of Russian territory, and a settlement which will give her an opportunity for the independent determination of her development.

(4) Readjustment of the frontiers of Italy, to be effected along clearly recognisable lines of *nationality*.
(5) Opportunity for autonomous development by the peoples of Austria-Hungary.
(6) Evacuation and restoration of Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro; access to the sea accorded to Serbia.
(7) Limitation of the Ottoman sovereignty to the genuinely Turkish portion; opportunity of autonomous development for all the other nationalities; international guarantees for free passage through the Dardanelles.
(8) An independent Polish State, with free access to the sea.
(9) Formation of an association of nations, affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike.
(10) Impartial adjustment of Colonial claims.
(11) Exchange of guarantees for the reduction of armaments.
(12) Removal as far as possible of economic barriers; equality of trade conditions for all nations.
(13) Freedom of navigation upon the seas.
(14) Covenants of peace, openly arrived at, ruling out future private international understandings.

The 'Allied and Associated' Powers were thus unanimous in their war aims. This identity of war aims and peace foundations remained absolute. But at the time the text of the Treaty was under discussion, divergence of views as to its appliance became apparent.

In France the study of the technical preparation of the Treaty had been made by the Ministers concerned. Then three general organs of co-ordination had functioned, and the sum total of the propositions and general conclusions had been centralised in the *Présidence du Conseil* from December 1918 to January 1919, under the direction of M. Tardieu.

In Britain, a similar study had been entrusted to the General Staff, Admiralty and War Trade Intelligence.

In the United States, the Department of Inquiry had been examining peace problems since 1917, under the direction of 'Colonel' House, the close friend of Wilson. In January 1918 a close liaison was established between Inquiry and the French High Commissariat at Washington.

While the war was in progress, it had been impossible for the Allies to pursue the joint study of the application in detail of the principles on which they had agreed.

When the Conference met, the French delegation proposed a general plan, prepared by Tardieu at the request of Clemenceau. This plan, extremely clear-cut and methodical, was not adopted, and the Conference constituted one after the other, as the need arose, 58 Commissions or Sub-Commissions which held 1,646 meetings, rounded off by immediate inquiries.

How can we judge the work of these men of good faith and goodwill who took part in the debates? 'In a great adventure,' said 'Colonel' House, 'these men have devoted their minds and hearts to the most difficult task there is.'

But John Maynard Keynes, attached as an expert to the British delegation until 9 June 1919, i.e. for six months before resigning, gave different interpretations to these efforts. Here are a few examples quoted merely to bring out the anti-French attitude of this ally:

> 'Nightmares; empty and arid intrigue; Punch and Judy show; Carthaginian peace; the burning, poisonous atmosphere of Paris; the swamp of Paris; insincerity; systematic destruction; putting Germany beyond the pale; spoilation; imperialistic extensions; ridiculous and unjust settlements; enslavement of Germany for a generation; desire to degrade the existence of millions of human beings and to deprive a whole nation of its right to happiness; destructive violation of the so-called international law; a fine sermon in the name of justice; a cavern; an exegesis of sophists and Jesuits; the dishonour of the Allies in the light of their own declarations; dishonesty; the coarsest spectacle; breeding ground for cynical, imbecile and stupid avidity; hateful duplicity; a policy of torture and pretence, weak and miserable negotiation; a disgrace, false numbers and a violation of the commitments and of internal morality comparable with the invasion of Belgium; one of the most outrageous acts perpetrated by a cruel victor in the whole history of civilisation.'

There is no point in commenting on this judgment in the light of actual facts.

Be that as it may, the conclusion of the Commissions, sometimes even the most important, were in some cases not adopted. First of all, because technical motives, as Tardieu has said, were often overruled by reasons of a general nature, often political reasons, of which the experts were not the judges, and then because, in order to reach a conclusion, a unanimity was necessary which, for interests sometimes so divergent, demanded many willing sacrifices. Now, as Clemenceau said, 'each of the negotiators was overshadowed by his country's history. It was the

The comparatively more generous policy towards Germany of CLEMENCEAU, *the Prime Minister, triumphed in the French Delegation*

dead who spoke'. . . . And I can add, 'The voice of our 1,400,000 dead has often been heard!'

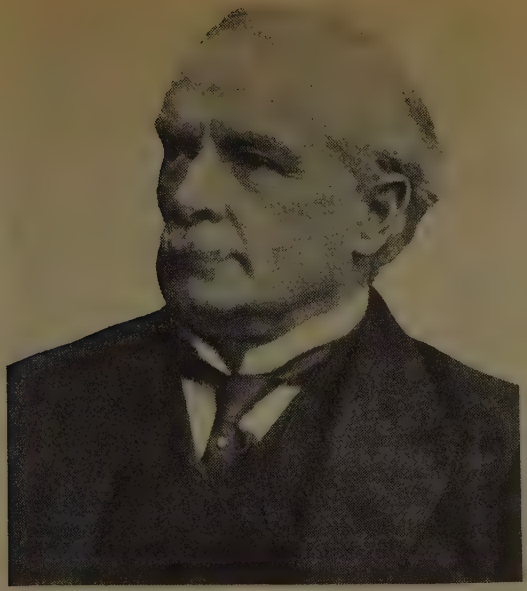
The propositions and conclusions of the 58 Commissions were discussed from 10 January to 28 June 1919, by three organs: the Council of the Ministers for Foreign Affairs, which had 39 meetings; the Council of Ten which had 72; and the famous Council of Four which had 45.

These different Councils listened to the presidents of technical commissions, a great many experts, and all the representatives of the allied or interested neutral countries, as well as numerous delegations. Finally, when in May 1919 the texts had been drawn up, they were submitted to the deliberation of the Councils of the Ministers of each of the great powers.

All the powers called to the Conference did not participate equally in the elaboration of the Treaty. There were 27 Allied and four enemy nations. Naturally it was not proposed to let the enemies take part in the preliminary discussions. As for the Allies, it can be said that their rights were in proportion to their sacrifices. In short, the direction of affairs, from 12 January 1919, remained in the hands of an assembly, called the Council of Ten, composed of America, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, each represented by the Chief of Government and the Minister for Foreign Affairs. This Council met twice daily from January to the end of March 1919. It dealt both with the peace and urgent questions, such as the handling and renewing of the armistices, the revictualling of Europe, Russian affairs, and fixed the clauses relative to the disarmament of Germany. But to gain time by curtailing the discussions, it was necessary to reduce the number of the members of the Council to four, from which sprung the famous *Council of Four,* (sometimes increased to five by the presence of the Japanese delegate). These four were Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando. Friction often arose, and it was difficult to reach agreement, particularly on three questions: *the left bank of the Rhine, the Saar* and *Reparations.*

The questions relative to disarmament were settled by the reduction of the German Army to 100,000 men, by the suppression of aviation, and by very severe Naval clauses, reducing the German Navy (denuded of submarines) to next to nothing. Control Commissions were entrusted with the disarmament.

The question of the left bank of the Rhine was much more difficult to settle. Marshal Foch, after 27 November 1918, had explained the necessity for fixing the Western front of Germany at the Rhine, and for having bridgeheads on the



LLOYD GEORGE *cried in 1918, 'Germany will pay for everything!' But it was more difficult to get down to details*

Rhine occupied by inter-allied forces. These measures were not to interfere with any acquired territory. Britain was clearly opposed to this, being hostile both to a permanent army of occupation and the use of British troops outside British territory. On 14 March Lloyd George and Wilson promised France, in case of need, their immediate military aid. Clemenceau ended by obtaining temporary inter-allied occupation, and renounced the frontier of the Rhine, *in exchange for the solemn Anglo-American guarantee.* Marshal Foch opposed this solution with all his strength and continued to struggle until the evening of 6 May. On 7 May the Treaty was handed to the Germans.

Clemenceau had been obliged to renounce his theory under pain of breaking the alliance. *The British House of Commons unanimously voted for the pact of guarantee without a debate. On the other hand, by a majority of six, the American Senate refused to agree to the undertaking given by Wilson,* so that the whole edifice of the military security of French territory crumbled. Indeed, on the Anglo-American promise, France had renounced her natural frontier, and as the United States had disowned their President, the American military guarantee was of no avail. It was the same with the British guarantee because Article 11 provided for the simultaneous enforcing of the two treaties of guarantee. With America out, England found herself free.

The plan of the Treaty, in its first part, instituted the League of Nations. It was a great novelty, it is true, and it is understandable that the American Senate objected to it, because the League of Nations could drag the United States into European complications. But it is more difficult to understand how the American Republic, having declared that the frontier of liberty was in France, rejected the pact of guarantee without a debate. Soon afterwards, moreover, America, according to Clemenceau, undertook 'to make us pay for the complement of damage caused by the slowness of her preparations.' Indeed, we were not thereafter permitted to establish any link between the sums to be received from Germany by way of reparations and the settlement of our debt to America.

President Wilson was against it, and would not negotiate with his Senate. The matter remained thus. And France had no guarantee, except the contingent one of the League of Nations. Indeed, the League of Nations was perfectly armed from the theoretical point of view. But in practice she had no police force to carry out

her laws. Moreover, events which followed proved the intention of our former allies to approach the adversary. They let Germany violate all the clauses of the Treaty in succession, to the detriment of France. By way of Reparations, we received from the enemy only three milliards of gold marks, whereas our rights had been valued at about 150 milliards.

On 15 May 1920, America established an agreement with Germany, an agreement which decreed the end of a state of war, on condition that the United States, although they had not ratified the Treaty, would not abandon 'any of the advantages, privileges, indemnities, reparations or rights of the Armistice of 11 November, nor any extension or modification which, according to the Treaty of Versailles, would be to their benefit in the rôle of principal Allied and Associated nation'. President Wilson refused to sign this agreement and, in a letter to the House of Representatives, he stipulated: 'Such a peace with Germany, a peace by which none of the interests which we had at heart when we entered the war is safeguarded is, or ought to be, inconceivable. It is incompatible with the dignity of the United States, with the rights and liberties of its citizens and with the fundamental conditions of civilisation.'

In spite of everything, this Treaty was voted, by which Germany gave recognition to the United States of all the rights granted to the signatories of the Treaty of Versailles. America, on the other hand, did not accept any of the charges or obligations of the Treaty. Triumph of a short-sighted egoism, this separate peace was the neatest lie to the promise made on 3 February 1919 to the very Tribune of the French *Chambre* by the President of the great American Republic.

To execute the clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, practically speaking, only our own forces were left to us. But France, which had borne the greatest weight of the great war, was drained both of riches and blood. Moreover, she was constantly coming into conflict with British policy, and found herself unable to carry out the application of the final paragraph of Article 429 of the Treaty:

> 'If at the end of fifteen years the guarantee against an unprovoked aggression of Germany were not considered sufficient by the Allied and Associated Governments, the evacuation of the troops of occupation would be retarded in a measure deemed necessary to obtain the above-mentioned guarantees.'

This article had evidently allowed France to prolong the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine and some bridgeheads, being based on the fact that on several occasions Germany had not fulfilled her commitments relative to the military clauses. But each time the Control Commissions acquainted the conference of the Ambassadors or the Superior Council with these shortcomings, they encountered British opposition. Britain, as soon as she obtained naval disarmament and complete suppression of the fortress of Heligoland, insisted on the withdrawal of the Control Commissions. The Commission of Control of Aerial Armament was the first to be suppressed, in 1921, and soon Germany obtained permission to have civil aviation. (Transport planes could be converted in several hours into war planes.) This civil aviation served as a pretext for the study of numerous prototypes, and for the permanent training of personnel and specialists.

It was then the turn of the Naval Commission which was suppressed in 1925, in spite of the formal opposition of the French delegation, of which I was head.

Some years later, *and without consulting France, Britain concluded a naval agreement with Germany,* authorising the German Navy to possess tonnage equal to one third of the British Navy, *that is to say, at least equal to the French Navy*. Moreover, contrary to the formal terms of the Treaty of Versailles, Germany was again authorised (in spite of France) to construct submarines. I think it is useless to insist on the grave consequences of this authorisation on the general conduct of the war itself. Finally, the Military Commission itself was suppressed, in spite of the formal advice of the General who was head of the British delegation. All these errors actually cost Britain hundreds of thousands of lives.

As regards the Western frontiers of Germany, the Treaty of Versailles had given back Eupen and Malmédy to Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine to France. The question of the Saar, the restitution of which we requested, could not be settled in a manner favourable to France, owing to the opposition of her Allies, principally Wilson. Clemenceau was obliged to accept a plebiscite. This plebiscite took place after a formidable campaign of German propaganda, without France, then governed by weaklings, making the least effort to rally her friends. The result was unfavourable to us, and the value of the mines of the Saar was put on the credit side of the reparations due to us.

In Silesia, and wherever plebiscites were foreseen, Germany employed every means in her power, including terrorist, to bring about favourable results.

In the Rhineland, our Allies were formally opposed to the constitution of a Rhenish republic, even within the boundaries of the Reich, a republic which could have served as a buffer state between the Reich and France.

The Treaty of Versailles recognised the Allies' right to the reparations due by Germany. First it was estimated that the war had cost France about 900 milliards of gold francs. Moreover, as a result of the systematic removal of plant, French industry in occupied territory had been ruined. It would take several years to get it going again. The right to reparations applied also to property, persons and war costs. The total reached more than 1,000 milliards of gold francs—about 350 milliards for reparations as such, and 703 milliards for war costs.

At the instigation of the American Delegation, the repayment of war costs was stopped, and Article 232 of the Treaty reduced the reparations debt to damages caused to the civilian population and its property.

But although she had accepted this Article with the Treaty as a whole, Germany quickly declared that she was unable to pay. After a series of conferences, she obtained a reduction in her debt.

In May 1920 at the Conference of Hythe, and basing his arguments on Keynes' *The Economic Consequences of the Peace,* Lloyd George forced Millerand, President of the French Council, to accept his theory of the necessity for a reduction in the German debt.

In May 1921 the London Conference fixed the total of the German reparations at 132 milliards, of which France was to receive 52 per cent, i.e. 68 milliards of gold marks.

The assessment made the previous year had fixed the sum due to France at 136 milliards. It was thus already reduced by half.

On 15 January 1922, Germany was to pay an instalment of 400 milliards. On 14 December 1921, Chancellor Worth warned the Reparations Commission that he could pay only 150 milliards. The Commission refused to examine the application. No one, indeed, is unaware of the enormous expenses Germany incurred from then onwards on account of her rearmament. Nevertheless, Lloyd George gave practical support in a memorandum put before the conference at Cannes in January 1922.

For the first time Germany sat in conference at Cannes on an equal footing with the Allies. She was supported by Britain and Italy.

After a year of sterile discussions between Britain and France, Poincaré brought about the occupation of the Ruhr. This operation was carried out by Belgium and France without Britain, and even against her.

When, on 26 September 1923, Germany gave up passive resistance, the round of conferences began again. Arbitrary judgment on the question of Reparations was entrusted to the Anglo-Saxons. From this arose the Dawes plan and then, in the face of a new German bankruptcy, the Young plan.

Then came the Locarno Conference, and the triumph of the policy of weakness and renunciation.

France, ruined and deserted by her Allies, was urged more and more towards disarmament.

And the result is known: the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine by Hitler's troops, and France, alone, not daring to mobilise. Then the Austrian Anschluss and Munich!

It was at Munich that France for the first time in history failed an ally—Czechoslovakia. No one in Britain is unaware of how France was led into this shameful weakness, and to what extent the British Government must accept the grave responsibility for this.

And finally the Polish affair which brought about the present war!

The successive mutilations of the Treaty of Versailles, especially to the detriment of France, have brought us right up to the present situation, as a result of disunion and rivalry among the Allies after the 1918 victory, as a result, too, of the consequences of a general false humanitarian ideology, kindly disposed towards 'good Germany'.

May the lessons of the past save us from future blunders! Thanks to the fierce will to resist on the part of the British Empire in 1940, it was possible to save the situation . . . and Victory is on the way. But at what cost!

If the reader feels that I have put too much stress on French complaints about her desertion by the Allies immediately after the signing of the Armistice in 1918, he would do well to think of the practical consequences of this desertion, and of the terrible suffering endured by my country which has not, like his, the good fortune to be an island, and to which history must give its rightful place as a great nation in a new Europe where, moreover, no lasting foundation for peace can be established without her voice being heard.

And I am certain that he will agree with me that this time it is necessary for the Allies loyally to pursue their task to the end, and finally reduce the German people to impotency, and compel it to make good the material consequences of its crimes.

MORE STATE NURSERIES, PLEASE!

SARAH G. BRASH

Dr. Simon Simple's article, 'No State Nurseries, Please!' (which appeared in the April issue of *World Review*) would be amusing, if it were not tragic! It is because so many people have opinions of this kind that we do not have as many nurseries and nursery schools as we need, and that our children are thus deprived of the innumerable benefits which these institutions might bring to them. It is hardly fair of Dr. Simple, who seems to have visited a few residential nurseries and found fault with them, to apply his criticisms to day nurseries as well. Even his objections to residential nurseries, however, can be proved to be groundless.

Dr. Simon Simple would appear to have a morbid fear of infection. Quoting another doctor, he says that children in nurseries 'have a high incidence of infection, and a low incidence of happiness.' Do you know, sir, what happens to children when they arrive at a day nursery, or nursery school, in the morning? They are greeted first of all by the superintendent. This lady has been trained to recognise the symptoms of children's diseases. She examines every child carefully for signs of flush, or spots. Suspects go into an ante-room where nurse can look them over. They are not allowed to mix with the other children. Diseases are thus spotted early, and epidemics nipped in the bud.

Unless their parents are short-sighted enough to object, children are immunised and vaccinated as soon as they enter a residential nursery, if they have not been done before. Doctor examines the children nearly every day. Here, as in the day nursery, diseases are spotted early. Children who develop infectious diseases are promptly removed to hospital.

Compare this with what happens in millions of working-class homes! Do you know what miners' houses, for example, are like? Have you ever seen those red-brick blocks, in which often large families live in two, or at the most three, rooms? Children of thirty or more families play together in one yard. The mothers, through no fault of their own, are often too ignorant to realise the risks of infection. When the fever-van arrives to carry off one victim, groups of inquisitive youngsters gather round, eager to see their little playmate being 'carried out in a blanket'. No one thinks of telling them to run away. The brothers and sisters of the sick child are excluded from school. That, however, does not prevent them from playing in the yard with the other children in the evenings. Only the other day, I saw the twin sister of a little girl, who had been taken to hospital that very day, walking out of her own house, and into another in which there was a family of children. Would not these children be better protected against infectious diseases in a nursery?

CHILDREN NEED LOVE

'Little children,' writes Dr. Simple, 'need loving—not the cold, impersonal love of trained child-care diplomiate, but the total love of a mother.' Don't you realise, sir, that the girls who work in nurseries love children well enough to make the care of little ones their life work? Don't you know that they are ordinary human beings, and that, as such, they find it almost impossible to be impersonal towards their charges? Only inhuman creatures with hearts of stone could be cold and impersonal with a toddler. You talk of the child's feeding, washing, bathing, and potting being carried out by 'a succession of impersonal women with neither the time, nor the experience, to allow for his individual foibles.' Well, if trained women, who devote all their time to attending to children, haven't the time and experience, who has? Certainly the working-class mother hasn't. Have you ever met any of those miners' wives with large families, with husbands coming home late in the afternoon, tired, hungry, and *dirty?* In this village there are no pithead baths, and men often 'work wet'. It takes mother over an hour to clean up dirty boots and clothes, and tidy up the mess. The father has to be fed, and the pots and dishes washed. The tired, harassed mother is in no condition to give her children 'total love', or allow for her baby's 'individual foibles' at bath time!

Very different is the state of affairs in one of the Edinburgh residential nurseries. Each nurse is usually responsible for one baby and two

Cover of No. 12 of a series of pamphlets and leaflets published by The Nursery School Association

toddlers. Babies are bathed in the morning. In the evenings an hour is set aside for bath time. There is therefore ample time for the children to play about as much as they please in their baths. What busy mother can afford to devote a whole hour to bathing her children?

At meal times, in this nursery, each child is carefully trained to use his utensils properly, to arrange the table neatly, to serve, and to be helpful with the smaller ones. In many working-class homes the table isn't even properly set for the child. Great care is taken in the nursery to ensure that each meal contains the right amount of carbohydrates, proteins, etc., *and that it is made attractive for the children.*

Dr. Simple imagines that children in a nursery are unhappy because they live in a room full of other children, the sight of whom they hate, and from whom there is no escape. Little under-fives do not know what hatred is. They learn to live peaceably with others, and to co-operate with others in work and in play. Most of all, they soon learn to respect other people's rights, and not to live for themselves alone. Moreover, the children are not shut up all day in one room from which there is no escape. Most residential nurseries have large gardens of their own, and the little ones spend a great deal of time out of doors.

Nurseries do not produce the 'difficult' children your article mentions. If Dr. Simple would take the trouble to examine the causes of 'difficult' behaviour in children, he would find that, in most cases, these causes lie in some maladjustment *in the home life*. In the slums of the Canongate of Edinburgh, mothers bring their 'difficult' children to the nursery school, to ask what they can do about them. The nursery superintendent is able to get to the root of the child's trouble, and to make his life happier.

ADVANTAGES OF STATE NURSERIES

Dr. Simple is so intent on picking flaws in nurseries that he is blind to their advantages. And yet the latter are innumerable. Let me mention only a few. Our medical friend, himself, writes that the child 'needs a secure base, as it were, from which to operate.' Of course the child needs to feel secure. In the nursery, he enjoys that security which springs from the knowledge that he can rely on certain things happening at regular hours. He knows that he will have lunch at a fixed time, and that at another time he will be put down for his midday rest. It is not always possible for the busy mother to have meals at regular hours. And, unfortunately, she does not always try. It is not her fault. In many cases she does not know any better. No one has ever taught her, for example, the importance of sending the child to bed early. Thousands of children run about the streets till nearly midnight in the summer time. In a residential nursery, children are sent to bed at a reasonable hour. No one disturbs them after they are asleep. In both day and residential nurseries the children rest in the middle of the day.

In a nursery the child is safe from traffic. Busy parents do not always have the time to keep an eye on their offspring, even when they are (and they aren't always) alive to the dangers of allowing their children to play in the streets. In a nursery there is no traffic to worry the children.

The mother who has sent her child to a day nursery, or for a few weeks to a residential nursery, is all the readier to bestow her love on him when he returns. She has not been nagging him all day, and her temper has not been ruffled by the noise he makes.

Those are only a very few of the advantages of a nursery! It would require a book to include them all.

For the sake of the children, Dr. Simon Simple, we want MORE day, and residential, nurseries!

J. H. NEWSOM

THE BOTTLENECK OF EDUCATION

J. H. NEWSOM

'It were better to perish than to continue school-mastering.'
THOMAS CARLYLE

'——every teacher should realise the dignity of his calling; that he is a social servant set apart for the maintenance of proper social order and the securing of the right social growth.'
JOHN DEWEY

PREVIOUS articles in this series have dealt with some of the new ideas in education, and the revolution therein now taking place. But all the plans for better education must primarily depend entirely on an adequate (vastly increased) number of suitable educators. You can't make bricks without straw! And this manpower question is the greatest bottleneck we face. First, we must attract to the profession the right type of men and women, in very large numbers. Then we must teach them how to teach. We must also provide the buildings, books, and other apparatus. But that is another similar (and important) story.

Education has had Number One Priority as far as legislation for the post-war world is concerned, for the very good reason that all the New Jerusalems now being planned will remain cloud castles unless the citizens who are to inhabit them have the trained intelligence to make them work. Sir John Orr has pointed out, in this series and elsewhere, that the capacity of the world for consuming food is inexhaustible, and its need for education of mind and body is equally boundless. Yet, as in food, so in education, it must be the right type if it is to provide growth rather than flatulence. Our lack of education is one, if not the worst, of the bottlenecks between this tormented age and the Brave New World to which it struggles. And to meet the lack of education, which is to the fore in public consideration right now, the very first bottleneck to break, as mentioned above, is the lack of educators, i.e. professional teachers. As H. C. Dent has written recently, 'It is one of the profoundest tragedies of our national life, that everywhere the cry is for competency to meet new problems; and nowhere is that competency to be found. Ability we have in abundance. But it has never had time to learn.' And by 'education' I do not mean only the assimilation of facts, 'being taught', but the drawing out of each individual's latent capacity as worker, citizen, parent, child or friend. I mean enabling men and women, through different methods of expression—art, music, science, manual skill and, above all, words—to become more effective people; and to do this we need teachers, and again teachers, and always teachers. Indeed, without them the bright prospects of the Butler Act will be a hollow sham, destined to peter out ineffectually in frustration and apathy.

In April, the McNair Committee (on the recruitment and training of teachers) published their report, in which they recommended drastic changes in the present methods. It is now the job of the Ministry of Education to insist that these reforms are carried out.

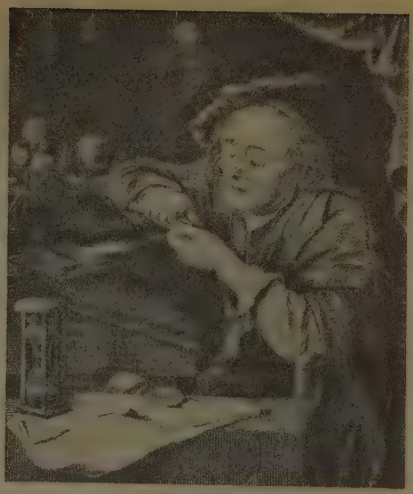
TEACHING HAS BEEN A *PIS ALLER*

No exact figures are available. But it is probable that 90 per cent of the teachers in elementary schools began their education in a similar institution, and the vast majority entered the local Secondary Grammar School on scholarships and 'special places' at the age of eleven. Having taken the school-certificate, there is only one profession open for which the State will provide almost the whole of the cost of the advanced training. Intending doctors, lawyers, architects, engineers, administrators and accountants require a long and expensive education *after* the secondary stage. Some indication of the divergence may be

gathered from the following summary of the relative costs of training for the main professions. To become a solicitor costs between £930–£1,650, a doctor £770–£1,345, an architect £520–£630, a chartered accountant, £415–£730, and an elementary school teacher £40–£55. Or, if the parental income is low enough to secure the maximum grant from the local education authority, it may cost *nothing at all*. It is small wonder that young people from homes where the money is short have been almost inevitably impelled towards teaching, if they wish to continue their own education after they leave school. It has, moreover, the additional advantage of involving the shortest post-school education; and teachers are earning their living when their contemporaries who will become doctors are still only three-fifths of the way through their professional training.

The intending teacher, if destined for the elementary school, proceeds at the age of eighteen to a training college or, if he aspires to be a 'schoolmaster' rather than a 'teacher' (one of our worst snobberies of nomenclature) he must go to a university and get a degree, although he need not be trained in the technique of teaching. It is one of the ironies of the whole business that the teacher in the senior elementary school must be trained in teaching, while his colleague in the secondary grammar school, taking children of the same age in a supposedly more difficult educational course, is not required to have any qualifications as a teacher, other than the fact that he has enjoyed a higher education himself.

The training colleges are doing their best to cope with an almost impossible task. On the one hand, they are trying to complete the higher education of the embryo teacher and, at the same time, train him in the arts of teaching. They are doing this with human material whose only experience of *life* has been the classroom, and which is doomed to spend the rest of its working life in the same atmosphere. Most of the colleges are pinched for money, and are expected to perform the normal task of a university, with a tenth of its resources. After two years incubation in the training college the egg is hatched, and the newly-fledged teacher, a little unsteady on his feet, for his contact with real live children has been limited, faces his first class, which may contain 40 or 50 exuberant, but scarcely 'education-hungry', boys and girls. During the next forty-five years he will grapple with them, striving to equip them, in the pitiably brief time available, with some armour against the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' which assail them when



The writing master

they leave school at fourteen. Unless he has the initiative, no one will compel him to continue with his own education, or to go to 'refresher' courses. If he discovers after experience that teaching is not his job, he is almost forced to continue, for he is trained for nothing else. Incompetency must be of a monstrous order if he is to be dismissed; and his chances of getting a headship are almost eighteen to one against. Few people who have not tried it realise how mentally and physically exhausting teaching can be. The outsider is inclined to compare the hours of work, and the amount of holiday, with other jobs, and to consider the teacher a lucky devil. Yet teaching, if done conscientiously, imposes a greater strain than many occupations that are superficially more onerous. Virtue is going out all the time, and the demands of children are exacting, and inescapable. Inevitably, the abounding vitality of the child drains the emotional and spiritual reserves of the sympathetic teacher, even though, in later life, he may acquire enough resilience, patience and humour, to reinforce his youthful enthusiasm.

WANTED TOMORROW: 250,000 TEACHERS!

There are still further weaknesses in the present situation. Teachers are drawn from too narrow an economic background. They elect to become teachers too early, and the method of financing their training provides an inadequate motive. Their higher education is impeded by being

entangled with their vocational training and, despite the care taken over the initial preparation for their career, there is far too little regard paid to the maintenance of their efficiency. Finally, both sexes are paid salaries far too low to secure enough men and women of the necessary quality. And security of tenure has been exalted at the expense of preserving the quality and public status of the profession.

The McNair Committee draws a comparison between the salaries earned by teachers and by civil servants of comparable grades. It is found that in a large provincial town a certificated teacher has a maximum, after allowing for pension deductions, which is £162 less than the maximum salary of a junior executive officer in the civil service (in spite of the extra years spent at a training college or university). The salaries paid to head teachers in elementary and most secondary schools show even greater discrepancies when compared with those paid to civil servants of higher grades.

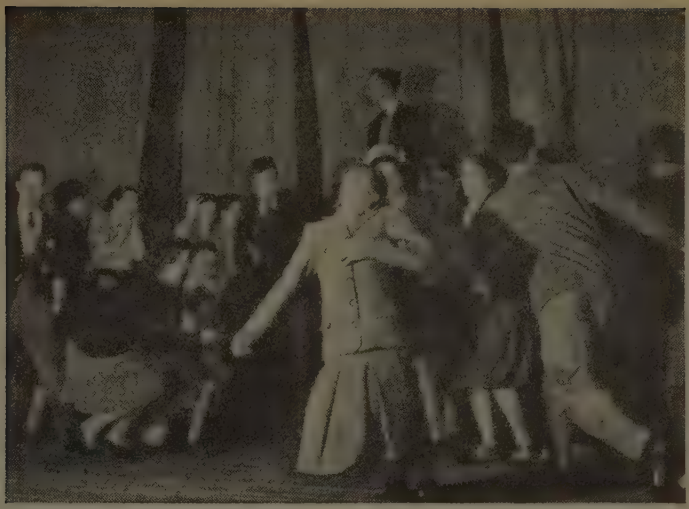
Any suggestion for remedying these defects should be prefaced by an effort to define the qualities, intellectual and temperamental, which make the good teacher; and, difficult and controversial though the subject may be, it must be attempted. For, until it has been decided what we want, it is unwise to determine the procedure for obtaining it. It is sometimes alleged that all teachers should possess a sense of vocation, comparable with that which is expected from intending ministers of religion. While it is axiomatic that young men and women entering the profession should do so as the result of free choice and not as second choice to some other occupation (as the McNair Committee points out) it is optimistic to assume that a profession of eventually *a quarter of a million* can be wholly staffed by zealots. Teaching has, in the past, been rewarded on the basis that its members are either incapable of earning more in other jobs, or are selfless followers of St. Francis—both unwarranted conclusions. Given a desire to enter the profession, the next important qualification is to have something to teach. This may seem too obvious to mention. Yet there are many who manage to reach retiring age without realising that they have done nothing but pass on to successive generations the factual information they acquired at university or training college. Having something to teach means being honestly interested in the subject; and children are quick to realise if the teacher's enthusiasm is forced and artificial. This is particularly true in the teaching of the arts where, with certain exceptions, the teacher must also be an artist. It is difficult to teach others to appreciate music if one is unmusical, or to teach painting unless the teacher has, himself, the actual skill. To know without being able to perform is not enough.

The third quality is most elusive of definition, yet probably, in the long run, the most vital. To call it 'sympathy' would be an understatement. Yet 'spiritual' is perhaps too pompous a word in its present-day connotation. Physically the adult teacher is static, for by twenty-one the body has usually ceased to develop, and its next transition is to decline. Intellectually the teacher will have reached maturity by the age of thirty or so. After that, although the mind will find new experiences, its capacity has probably been determined, and remains static. In both the physical and intellectual the teacher is thus, inevitably, out of step with the child. And it is only in the spiritual field that growth can continue indefinitely, and in which the teacher and child can develop together. The graph of physical growth rises, with fluctuations, pretty steadily to the age of eighteen, goes straight for a while, and gradually declines to dissolution. Intellectually the angle is less steep, and the fall to senility comes later than in the physical. But the graph of spiritual growth can rise steadily and surely from infancy to Heaven.

With these qualities as a foundation, good teachers can be trained; and they should not be limited to those who have passed through the successive filters of the Special Place Examination and the School Certificate. Sir Fred Clarke, one of the wisest of progressive educationists, has said that his inquiries lead him to believe that one per cent of the pupils in senior elementary schools have the qualities necessary for a teacher, yet are denied the chance of ever entering the profession. Now one per cent of the senior school population is approximately 6,000, or a large proportion of the deficit in the number of teachers required to put the new Education Act into effect. The Board of Education's scheme for the training of teachers for the immediate post-war period is the first indication that this insistence on paper academic qualifications has been broken. 'Up to School Certificate standard' is the prescribed basic minimum—a definition that can be as wide as the selectors care to make it!

MARRIED TEACHERS—OF COURSE!

The first, and simplest, reform has already been adopted in the abolition of the ban on married women teachers. Ban married women if you must from the office, factory or shop, but not from the teaching profession—the *one* profession, above all others, where



The training of teachers should include practice in the arts. Here children rehearse a play at Impington College, Cambridgeshire

to have children of one's own should be *a qualification!* To meet the immediate needs of the post-war years, however, it will still be urgently necessary to recruit a large number of teachers from other walks in life. A leavening of men and women from the factories and offices will have a direct effect on the atmosphere of staff common-rooms; and such people have their particular contribution to make in education. Recruits of this type should be awarded scholarships by the Local Education Authorities, after interview, to enable them to undertake a course in the technique of teaching suited to their needs, on the lines suggested in the next section. The scholarships would have to be of such an amount as to provide for the candidates financial obligations, family, etc. The number and quality of recruits who could be secured in this way would depend on the status, salaries and conditions of service of the profession, and is thus difficult to estimate. In this method of recruitment there should be no hint of 'dilution', in the Trade Union sense of the word. There is no suggestion of it when men from the business world are ordained as priests or ministers. And, if care is exercised in the selection by the authorities, and a suitable course in training is provided, there should be no lowering of standards.

The main body of teachers will still, however, be recruited at an earlier age. The number of young people entering the profession has been *decreasing* for some years. The main reasons for this decline in new entrants to the profession are the bitter experience of wide-scale unemployment after qualification, of salaries and of working conditions. To remedy the first of these, every certificated teacher should be guaranteed a post in some part of the country. It is not suggested that there should be a competitive examination as in some Continental countries. But admissions to training courses should be regulated on some sort of five-year plan; and useful work found for all teachers by attaching those who are temporarily redundant as paid supernumeraries to schools where their training could be continued.

HOW TO TRAIN A TEACHER

There is general agreement that 16–18 years is too early an age for a final decision to be made by intending teachers. This age is imposed by the present system of training colleges. It is therefore necessary to consider the reforms needed in this system.

The greatest single defect of the training college system is the attempt to mix the continued education of the students with a course in their specific professional training. It is essential that these should be separated. Pupils capable of profiting after eighteen years of age from a further course of full-time education should continue their studies up to the age of twenty-one

Youth leaders taking a course at Impington College, practising on their recorders

in universities, technical colleges, art schools, music academies, or domestic science colleges, etc. Such pupils would not only come from grammar schools. Pupils from any form of post-primary schools should have this opportunity, if they can benefit from the courses available; and it is hoped that none of these institutions of higher education will remain unchanged in a reformed educational system. Either before or after this, it is possible that all young people will have to undertake some form of military training or service in properly organised 'labour camps'. There is no reason why this form of national service should not be combined with continued education. Not only has the Red Army shown military service can be combined with education, but, since the war, the experience of ABCA (and its equivalent in the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force) have proved that adult education should be an intrinsic part of military training. The continued education of teachers up to this stage need not differ essentially from the education of young men and women proposing to enter other vocations. For, after all, the ideal teacher is the ideal human being—plus.

Before the student proceeds to take a course in pedagogy with the definite prospect of becoming a teacher, it is desirable that at least one year should be spent in paid employment in industry, commerce, or the public services. It will probably be necessary for this employment to be subsidised by the State, unless there is a revolution after the war in our economic system. But it should not be impossible for offices of various kinds, factories and shops, to find useful work that might profitably be performed by these students, if it is understood that they would be no more sheltered in the work than other employees of the same age.

Only after this period should a course in the technique of teaching be taken. This course should last at least one year, and can continue to be taken at either the universities or existing training colleges. During the course the incompetent and unfit should be ruthlessly eliminated. At present it is difficult for an intending teacher, who is found to be unsuitable for teaching during his period of training, to find other employment. As a result, the principals are reluctant to tell him frankly that he should not be allowed to teach. The same reasons prevent the Board of Education probationary year from being effective. If the suggestions already made were adopted, there need be no hesitation on those grounds. The training course should be much more than a course of pedagogy. It is suggested that it should consist of (*a*) Teaching Practice; (*b*) Sociology; (*c*) Philosophy, Science and Art; (*d*) the Technique of Teaching Proper.

(*a*) *Teaching Practice* should be for a continuous period of one term, preferably the second of the three terms, in selected schools in any part of the country. The schools would be chosen by the Board of Education, in consultation with the colleges and the Local Education Authorities, on such grounds as the quality of the head teacher and other staff, and the opportunities afforded in the locality for stimulating the mind of the student. For example, though he would be attached to a particular school, he might also spend some time at other schools of different types in the neighbourhood. He should also examine in practice the sociological knowledge learnt theoretically during the first term.

(*b*) *Sociology*. This should consist of the study of the structure of modern society, and of the historical and geographical factors which have produced it. It will involve some knowledge of the social services administered by both central and local government, of the principles of town and country planning, and of elementary economics and law. Students should be encouraged to undertake social surveys which will bring them into actual contact with people, and they should be acquainted with books like Mumford's *Culture of Cities*, Seebohm-Rowntree's *Poverty and Progress*, and the writings of Karl Mannheim and Llewellyn Smith. The teacher, whether he be in the school, technical college or university, should appreciate the function of education within the community, and its close interrelation with the other arts and sciences.

(*c*) *Philosophy, Science and Art*. Philosophy should not consist merely of an academic study of Plato and Kant, but should be a training in thinking. It should also give an opportunity for the discovery of spiritual values, and should be closely related to religious education and to the arts (including instruction in the bases of

Christian teaching, and some study of comparative religion). The student will, of course, be too young to have formed his final judgments on these matters. But he should be aware of their nature, and be encouraged to think things out for himself. Sooner or later, every teacher will be faced with the question of the 'end' to which his teaching is directed, and this will inevitably mean that he will have to decide for what purpose his pupils are being educated. Education as an end in itself is not enough. It is not a pill that can be taken to cure all man's social and spiritual ills. Perhaps the principal feature of modern civilisation is the impact of science upon society. Education should recognise this—*and has not yet done so*. Our student teachers should examine the scientific aspects of our civilisation, the scientific attitude to life, and the general atmosphere of increasing technical power and efficiency. At the same time, each student should be encouraged to practise one of the arts, by playing a musical instrument, by painting, or by various crafts. In this section the elements of psychology should be studied (with, of course, special reference to child psychology), and this part of this section closely borders on the previous section where it deals with the integration of science and art in society.

(*d*) *Pedagogy*. The attitude of the teacher to a subject, or group of subjects, is different from the attitude of the pupil. And the intending teacher must spend some time in reorientating his outlook, and acquiring a technique. He must study the various possible methods of arousing, and satisfying, the curiosity of his pupils in the particular branches of knowledge which he wishes to teach. He should examine also the writings of educational thinkers (such as Plato, Locke, Montessori and Froebel), and know something of contemporary developments in the science of psychology, and in educational methods, particularly those which have been discovered as a result of recent improvements in dealing with the defective or retarded. He should realise that education is not simply a question of 'teaching children' and that the school has a responsibility to the community for the education of the adolescent and grown-up.

KEEPING UP TO DATE

The need for 'refresher' courses has been recognised by practising teachers, and many excellent courses have been arranged, both by the Board and by the Local Education Authorities. Such courses should be continued, and expanded, especially the three-month courses first arranged to meet the sudden demand for teachers of physical training. Similar courses, both in special branches of knowledge, and also for the more general study of education, should be arranged frequently. The organisation of refresher courses needs, however, to be more systematic and nationally planned. The question of making it obligatory on teachers to spend some part of the school holidays at such courses, and of arranging the release of teachers for one term every five years (or one year every ten) should be considered.

A student teacher takes her first class. Her mentor observes her pupils through the window—from a Crown Film Unit picture on the post-war training of teachers

There is room (as the McNair Committee points out) for a considerable extension of the system of arranging for teachers in England to take up posts in the Dominions, on a reciprocal basis. And they should be encouraged and enabled to travel not only to study educational methods in other parts of the world, but in order to broaden their experience. In the past, their opportunities have been limited very largely by finance, and too often they have been found as members of organised parties either attending conferences or as part of some high pressure tour of places which 'ought to be seen'.

SALARIES AND CONDITIONS

But none of these reforms would be of much effect without an improvement in the status, salary and conditions of service of teachers. If the gibe that 'those who can, do, and those who can't, teach' has any truth, it is because 'doing' is paid better and is more congenial than teaching. No legislation can improve the status of teachers. They must do that themselves, as they have done, so conspicuously, in recent months by their work for evacuation and rest centres. Their status is the

measure of the respect they earn in the community.

The salaries of teachers, however, can and must be improved. It seems incredible that the State should entrust its children to uncertificated teachers whom it thinks are not worth more than £2 to £3 a week (the minimum wage recently granted to agricultural labourers, who, whether justifiably or not, are normally the lowest paid members of the community). *No more* uncertificated teachers should be allowed to teach, and those who have been already permitted to teach should be allowed to proceed by their existing increments to the corresponding maxima of certificated teachers on present scales. In due course, however, they will disappear from the profession.

The objects of a salary scale, in addition to providing reasonable payment for service rendered, should be to encourage the efficient, the well qualified, and the experienced. It should not discourage movement from one area to another, nor encourage indolence and inertia. Finally, it should tend to unify the various branches of the profession.

The method by which teachers' salaries are fixed is not generally known, although many people are vaguely aware that there is something called a Burnham Scale. Teachers in the national system of education are not state servants, but are employed by the Local Education Authorities. Their scale of salaries is decided by a Committee on which representatives of the authorities and teachers sit in roughly equal proportions. The chairman of this committee is appointed by the Minister of Education. When this committee has reached agreement, it submits its proposals to the Ministry of Education, who say whether or not they will recognise the scale for grant purposes. Although this system has worked tolerably well, my own opinion is that the position of the Ministry of Education is not sufficiently strong, in that the efficiency of education depends on the quality of the teachers, and this depends on the salaries they are paid, which should be ultimately decided by the Government Departments responsible for education. The McNair Committee do not make any specific recommendation as far as salaries are concerned. But they do say that they will have to be considerably increased if teachers of sufficient quality are to be attracted to the profession.

The conditions under which teachers work are intimately connected with teaching methods, and buildings. Modern methods are creating a happier relation between scholar and teachers, and teaching is thus itself a happier profession. Light, clean, airy buildings make schools pleasanter places of work for teachers, as well as scholars. Other points are that teachers should not be confined to the school buildings during free periods; varied equipment and teaching aids should be plentifully supplied; clerical assistants should be appointed at most schools. And perhaps the relationship between heads and assistants (especially in secondary schools) could be improved. In too many schools does the head treat his assistants as overgrown sixth formers.

It may be said that the course suggested here is too large, and the salaries mentioned too high; that the nation cannot afford to spend so much time in training its teachers, nor so much money in paying them. Such arguments are rarely used against the training and remuneration of doctors. Should the profession which cares for the minds and souls of the people have lower standards than that which cures their bodies?

Previous articles in this series:

1941, *June, 'Threshold of a New Age' by Herbert Read; July, 'Transformation in Science' by Professor J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.; August, 'Painting and Sculpture' by E. H. Ramsden; September, 'Life from a New Angle' by C. H. Waddington, Sc.D.; October, 'The New Groundwork of Architecture' by John Summerson; November, 'Matter, Form, Evolution and Us' by Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S.; December, 'Man—The Anachronism' by Dr. Edward Glover, M.D.*

1942, *January, 'The Revolution in Literature' by Kathleen Raine; February, 'The Helter-Skelter Universe' by J. G. Crowther; April, 'Exploring the Unseeable' by J. G. Crowther; May, 'The New Politics' by Dr. F. Borkenau; July, 'Democratic Planning and the New Science of Society' by Dr. Karl Mannheim; August, 'The Future of Sociology' by Lewis Mumford; October, 'The Revolution in Education' by Dr. C. D. Darlington, F.R.S.; December, 'The Revolution in Economics' by Thomas Balogh.*

1943, *January, 'This Shrinking World' by W. P. Hildred, C.B., O.B.E., M.A.; February, 'Music in the Twentieth Century' by Eric Blom; March, 'Evolution in Management' by George Dickson; April, 'Changes in Philosophy' by John MacMurray; May, 'The Philosophy of Change' by Herbert Read; June, 'Revolution in the Family' by Constance M. Hildred, M.B. Ch.B.; July, 'The Revolution in Town Planning; Domesday 'Up to Date' by Max Lock, A.R.I.B.A., A.M.T.P.I.; August, 'Films—Today and Tomorrow' by Basil Wright; September, 'Outline of a Plan' by Thomas Balogh; October, 'Religion in Transformation' by John MacMurray; November, 'The Revolution in Environment' by E. A. Gutkind.*

1944, *January, 'Map into Globe' by Professor E. G. R. Taylor; February, 'The Zest of Life' by André L. Simon; March, 'Three Big Changes in Education' by J. H. Newsom, M.A.; April, 'Science and the Rising Generation' by David S. Evans; May, 'Birth of a Nation' by C. H. Waddington, Sc.D.; June, 'The Influence of Science Upon Politics' by Sir John Orr; July, 'Nationalism' by Frederick Hertz; August, 'You Can Plan Jobs for All' by Noel F. Cohen.*

In Book form: *'This Changing World' (June 1941 to October 1943), edited by J. R. M. Brumwell, published by Routledge, 12s. 6d.*

NOTE ON INDIAN ART

A very tastefully arranged exhibition was recently held at the Alpine Club, London, W.

MECHTHILD NAWIASKY

In order to appreciate Indian art, it is necessary to understand that nearly all of it is inspired by religion. The history of Indian art is the history of Indian religion. The spectator should find out what religion means to the Indian. 'The Indian is in the grip of a sort of participation-complex. Through his reincarnations, past and future, he is allied to all human life, and to the animals. Through sacrifices and rituals he links himself with the Gods, who are powerless to shake him off. He is determined to attach himself to everything that is natural or supernatural. A Hindu would worship a wall rather than worship nothing at all. For him the only thing impossible is to worship nothing, although he is quite capable of worshipping the Void. . . . The latest arrivals are Hariti and Ocha-Bibi, Goddesses of cholera and smallpox. They are not created to be idealised, and are far from being saintly or noble. But they do not prevent an absolute God (the All-powerful) from being worshipped. Nor yet do they exclude an impersonal and immanent God. . . .' (Henry Michaux).

Indian religion is as rich as nature itself, and as little concerned with fitting itself into a logical system devised by human minds.

It has been found easy to prove to a Hindu the superior quality of the Christian Deity, but very difficult to convince him that, therefore, all his other Gods are no longer valid. The quantity and variety of Semi- and Demi-Gods and Demons, and their relationship to each other, a burden to the student of theology, are a gift to the artist. To depict every brand of mixture between human bodies and animals can have been no mean problem. And there were great limitations to creative imagination. For every detail was fixed by rules, centuries old—the 'Silpa-sastras'. Every conceivable aspect of every conceivable Deity, or supernatural force, was allowed to be depicted, but only as 'felt' by the seers, prophets or holy men who wrote down detailed instructions in poetic form. Every gesture of a figure, every slight bend of a finger, had its ritual meaning. The artist himself, whilst executing such responsible work, was under strict ritual obligations.

In sculpture this is an example of how far traditionalism can go without killing inspiration. There is a great quantity of Indian sculpture (some of it belongs to the finest made by man) but there is very little painting.

The best known Indian paintings, apart from the murals in the Ajanta caves, are the Mogul miniatures, but they have little to do with Hindu art, except that they were executed on Indian soil (by artists not working by Hindu rules, some of whom—against Hindu tradition—are even known to us by name!) They were the result of the Mohammedan conquest of India—also of the natural infiltration of Mohammedan culture. To the orthodox Mohammedan it is strictly forbidden to depict anything animated, in fact, anything at all except pure ornament. In their religious zest, the Moslems destroyed Hindu temples and effigies, but do not seem to have objected to these miniatures. Actually Akbar the Great's justification for this heresy sounds forced: 'There are many who hate painting. But such men I dislike. For it seems to me that a painter has a quite special means of recognising God. For a painter, in sketching anything that has life, and devising the limbs one after another, must come to feel that he cannot bestow personality upon his work, and is thus forced to appeal to God, the giver of life, and will thus increase his knowledge.' It is likely that the puritanical fire of Islam lost its bite in the Indian climate.

The real interest of Indian art rests in its sculpture. None of the Vedaistic Gods of the period 1200–800 B.C. were anthropomorphised, that is, no images were yet made. The next period, the rise of Buddhism (from 563 B.C.) and Jainism (from 599 B.C.), with the growing worship of Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Hanuman, and Ganessa, produced also the first statues of Buddha which, however, were not meant to be worshipped, but were created as memorial statues only. The Buddha became deified four or five centuries later.

The golden age of Buddhism under King Asoka (273–232 B.C.) spread Buddhistic culture, influenced by Greek and Persian philosophy, to such far countries as Ceylon, Siam, Burma, Japan and Tibet.

From A.D. 320 to A.D. 647, during the Gupta dynasty, a renaissance of Hinduism, with its pantheistic philosophy and its progress of science

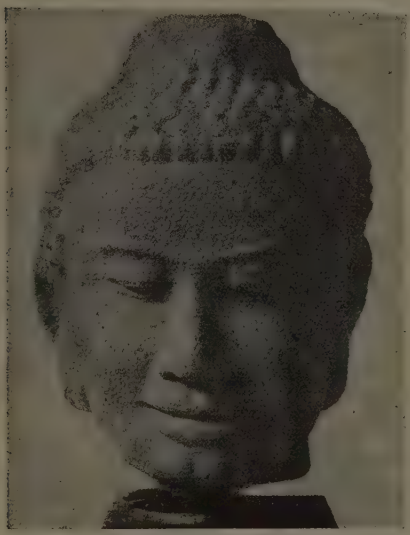
Dancing Shiva, bronze. Southern India, 12th–15th century

and the arts, completes the cycle of pre-Mohammedan culture in India. Mohammedanism did not add much to the Indian Pantheon, though it brought new elements into architecture.

Wonderful sculptures made by the Khmers, who lived in Cambodia some eight or more centuries ago, were found recently in the densest jungle. The heads have an expression of mystery. They look like the eternal keepers of Time, against the waste and monotony of vegetation yearly growing and decaying in monstrous abundance.

Buddha Image, stone. Gandhara

Statue, stone. Gandhara



Head o a Buddha, Khmer, 10th–13th century

Vishnu and Lakshmi, Orissa, 14th–15th century

Plan of Oxford in 1630 (left) *shows that in those days towns were of a size that naturally formed a community. Today industrial towns have become so vast that citizens in one part do not know how citizens in another part live*

Oxford c. 1630

TOWN PLANNING

IS THERE ANYTHING TO BE LEARNT FROM THE PAST?

RALPH TUBBS

Member of the Royal Institute of British Architects' Reconstruction Committee; Member of the Council of the Architectural Association; Author of Penguin book, *Living in Cities*

TOWN PLANNING is, as everyone knows, a very complex business. The town planner has to consider many social, economic and functional factors. He has to diagnose before he prescribes. He has to relate the growth of a town to its region and to the nation at large; to relate the residential districts to workplaces; to provide parks and open spaces within easy walking distance of every home; and to co-ordinate the elements of the residential unit so that children have proper playgrounds, so that social life is possible, so that health services are provided, so that the population and grouping are related to nursery schools and to other schools for each stage of education—and so on. These facts have now become the clichés of social reformers. Every sane person believes in their rightness now; and it is only necessary to exert every possible effort to put them into effect.

However, there is another aspect of town planning which is far too neglected, both by town planners, and in all the spate of literature which has appeared on town planning. *That is our emotional reaction to any environment we may create.* Our subjective response to any town forms created is not only of great importance, *but of primary importance.*

It is reasonable and right that we should do justice to the scientific spirit of the age, which has given us new materials and new sources of power. But we should remember that man is not altered by these discoveries. His powers over Nature are enlarged; his cravings for knowledge are more easily satisfied, but he himself remains the same. Can he yet solve the great mysteries of life and death? Is he not subject to the same passions, the same hopes and despairs that swayed his ancestors æons ago? However much the mechanical side of our nature may have acquired, the imaginative and emotional cravings are the same as they have ever been.

Must they not, therefore, be given full

This plan shows how the London Regional Reconstruction Committee of the R.I.B.A. has differentiated the communities (light tone) of which London consists, so that they shall each be clearly delineated, and of a size easily appreciated

consideration when conceiving the development of any town? Cities are not mere instruments of production. Nor are they mere zoological cages where human beings are kept biologically healthy. Some town planners who claim a scientific approach have, however, recently given the impression that town planning is almost entirely a matter of satisfying the economic needs of the machine and the biological needs of man. This approach forgets man's idiosyncrasies and ignores his sense of values.

Man's mind is as it is, and we are as we are, whether the rationalist likes it or not. The fact is that man is illogical. He is full of prejudices, some of them with roots back in geological ages of evolution, some of them of more recent acquisition. He likes some things for their own sake; he dislikes others with as little reason. *He is romantic.* He is soothed by the sound of waves, exhilarated by the wind in the trees, and cheered by the light of the sun. Is logic alone able to dictate for such a one the form of a town where he is going to be happy, where he will feel that he is leading a rich and full life? Logic itself tells us that it cannot. It is for that reason that I want to emphasise the *subjective* aspects of town-planning, and to concentrate in this article on those prejudices, idiosyncrasies, and emotions of man that must be given full consideration by anyone who has the responsibility of preparing a plan for a town.

Let us first consider man's prejudices. Before considering these in detail and before trying to assess how much they should influence any town planning theories, it should be emphasised that one should be careful to distinguish between the various forms of prejudice. Every prejudice has an historical background. For man is only as he is today as a result of long and painful evolution. As he has developed from primitive life, he has continually acquired new habits and ways of thought, and has passed on to the next generation those which have been most useful to him. Thus many of our desires and prejudices have been first acquired by force of circumstance, and have then, after many generations, become inherited. In one extreme, therefore, we have those prejudices which have been handed down to us from prehistoric times; these desires which are so strong that they must be satisfied have really become instinct. Man's social instinct is an example of this. Primitive men first formed themselves into communities for their own safety and protection. So long has man now lived in communities that he has become a social creature, and cannot live happily by himself. In the other extreme, we have those prejudices which have only very recently been acquired, perhaps even been forced upon us by propaganda. Now it is quite clear that the town planner, the man responsible for guiding the development of the very background in which

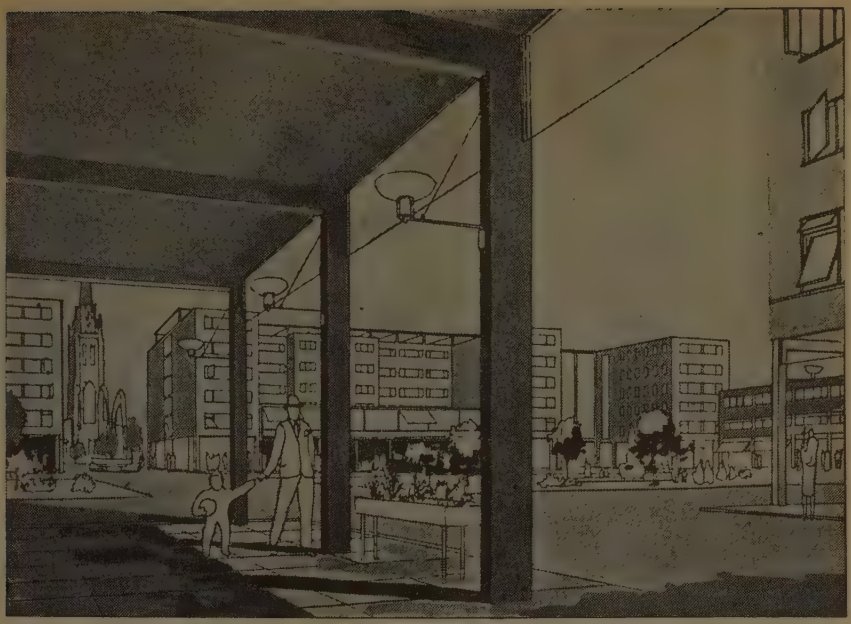
Human scale, and a sense of intimate enclosure, are essential qualities of the columned cloister of Trinity College, Cambridge (above) *and the colonnade* (opposite) *of the proposed new Shopping Centre at Coventry.* (*City Architect, Donald Gibson*)

people are to live, should distinguish between prejudices of long standing and those recently formed. The former must almost certainly influence his design. The latter may be found to be unsound, and such as would shortly disappear in any case.

Realising, then, that there are many different kinds of prejudice, some of such long standing as to have become a part of man's make-up, some only a few centuries old, and some only recently acquired, let us examine some of the contemporary town planning theories in the light of these prejudices and see whether it will help us to draw any conclusions as to the best forms town planning might take in the future. Let us examine, too, how these subjective considerations have been satisfied in the past, and compare the best of the modern designs with the best of the past.

Let us begin with those prejudices and desires which derive from the very fundamental instinct which I have already mentioned—man's social instinct. Although great are the pleasures of solitude, all normal healthy people not only enjoy the company of their fellow beings, but find society necessary for their mental wellbeing. It is this instinct which finds satisfaction in the friendliness and busy activity of market squares. People like a town full of the warmth of human life. They like the streets they walk in to have a sense of enclosure, so that they feel 'at home'. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why people romanticise over narrow mediæval streets, for here the town becomes intimate.

In preparing plans for the towns of the future, therefore, the fundamental need for a sense of intimacy and sociability should not be forgotten. I am not suggesting, of course, that we start building streets after the mediæval pattern, nor that we should continue the suffocating congestion of our industrial towns. But I do suggest that, when we evolve the new forms our cities are to take, and when we give towns the open spaces they so badly need, we remember that these towns must still have an atmosphere of friendliness. We must not only weave into our residential squares and terraces moments of intimate enclosure; but the squares themselves, although spacious and open, should by their scale have some of this quality.



The maintenance of an atmosphere of friendly sociability in a town is, in fact, closely related to the question of scale. We have mentioned, for example, that people like market squares and open spaces to gather in. But how important it is that the size of such spaces should be in direct relation to the number of people who are likely to gather there. If they are too large, instead of looking busy and cheerful, they appear forlorn and empty. Parks, too, must be carefully related in scale to the town. A park can be too large as well as too small. If too large, the town loses cohesion.

Similar questions of scale apply to town planning in all its aspects. For example, enthusiasm for open spaces and fine vistas can easily lead one headlong into the pitfall of trying to impose a larger scale layout on a town than is natural to it. The attempt, in this case, to give the town some of that simple dignity which every town should have, only results in making it pretentious. It must always be remembered that the humblest cottage may have far more true dignity than a large and ostentatious mansion. I want particularly to emphasise this point, because a number of plans are now being prepared which seem to be based on the misconception that town planning consists merely of carving axial vistas through a town. This is the same insensitive neo-classic revivalism, which we see so often in architecture today, expressing itself in town planning. Haussmann may have done fine work in Paris. But he was expressing the outlook of Napoleon III and did not care for the needs and happiness of the citizens who were living in squalor behind his boulevards. We should admire Haussmann for his adventurous spirit and his bold conceptions. We should not try to imitate his form of planning today. A democratic and humane social order demands a more sympathetic form of planning.

There is another problem of scale in town planning for which a solution is becoming increasingly urgent. How can we maintain an intimate and human scale in our towns now their populations have so greatly increased?

Before the nineteenth century, when towns consisted of small communities, in spite of their many failings, and the low standard of living they often provided for many, they nevertheless possessed a delightfully human scale. Houses, sociably grouped around squares, or jostling each other within the shadow of the cathedral tower, had an intimate and confiding air. Every citizen would know the whole of his town. It was sufficiently small for him to walk out

The 'Organisation of Space' as seen (above) *in Jesus College, Cambridge. And* (opposite) *in the design, by the author, for a new residential unit, close to an old church and old terrace houses. In each case the relationship of the spaces enclosed by the buildings is as important as the buildings themselves*

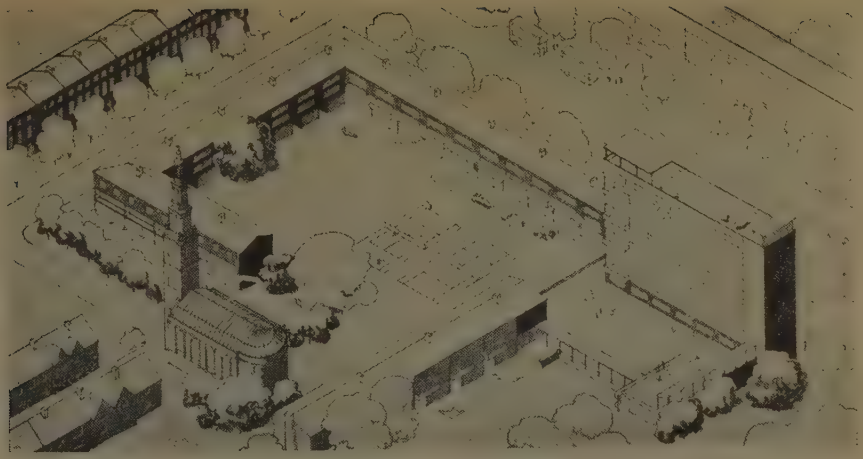
into the country in a few minutes. It was easy and natural that towns should have a human scale then.

It is a very different problem today. Industrial cities often cover many square miles, and are inhabited by hundreds of thousands of citizens whose daily return journey to work may take several hours! These towns are so large that the citizens of one part hardly know how the citizens of another part of the same town live. It is one of the tasks of the town planner to try to relate these cities to human scale. At the same time, every effort should be made, by encouraging a more rational location of industry, to prevent yet further cities from drowning in their own excess of population.

But how is the large industrial city, a phenomenon of our own times which we must accept, to be given human scale? And even in the unfortunate cases where a city has become so large that as a unit it has become out of scale, how are the parts of that city to be given human scale? This is certainly one of those cases where we should seek to know closely our subjective desire, and to find out which of our prejudices in this are fundamental, and which are based only on preconceived ideas which may be altered. Clearly the desire itself for a sense of human scale in buildings is basic. On the other hand, there is a considerable amount of prejudice concerning the size and height of buildings which is not founded on anything fundamental, and is merely derived from the size of structure people are used to (this size having been dictated by the limitations of bygone building technique). In the great industrial cities, where the population has so vastly increased since the early nineteenth century, we might well see a new scale of building arise, buildings that will tower into the sky. Every care, however, will have to be taken to design the parts of these buildings, and to relate the buildings to each other, so that they will have a human and sympathetic scale, and will not give a sense of oppressive domination. In part of Westminster there is an area of large newly-constructed blocks of offices and flats which is a *singular failure* in this respect! Great heavy solid blocks (not properly related to open spaces, and clumsily designed in themselves) crush all the spirit out of anyone who visits the district.

A freer and more open form of planning than has been usual in cities in the past would help considerably to prevent an increased vertical scale from becoming oppressive. The citizen should not feel 'hemmed in' by enormous buildings, but should be able to wander freely and informally in the districts of tall buildings.

In the case of the very large town, of which the extreme example is London, the problem is not only to introduce human scale into the grouping of buildings but into the built-up area as a whole. At the present time, when there is continuous building from Wembley to Woolwich,



the separate communities of which London really exists have no architectural expression. The first step towards introducing human scale into such a vast built-up area must be to differentiate the component communities, so that each is of a size which is easily comprehended. *These communities might be separated from each other by parkland.* This does not involve disintegration, as some people suggest, for each community can be clearly delineated without losing its organic function as part of the whole. One may perhaps risk a simile, for what it is worth, by stating that this is the basis of all Nature's structures, where individual cells have their own entity, and are yet only playing their part in the most complicated organic processes.

Let us now consider man's individualism, the desire of every human being to be aware of himself as a separate being of some consequence—and to be treated as such by his fellows. In an exaggerated form this may be the result of an inferiority complex. But, within reason, it is the basis of self-respect, and indeed the basis of our belief in the worth of mankind. As a result partly of the abuse of the machine and mass production, partly of increased population, and partly of modern social and political systems, man has seen during the last hundred years a rapid decline in channels for individual expression. Without asking the reason why, or seeking to cure the root of the trouble, people are seriously alarmed. And there is evidence everywhere of people clinging to any outlet of individual expression they see menaced. Those who have had no outlet for individual expression in their work, and who have been afraid that they were losing their identity in a vast and complex society, have tried to make up for this by vigorously asserting their independence in their houses. These are usually separate and unrelated villas, each one trying to be as different as possible from the one next door. *Speculative builders pandered to this taste* by having five or six standard-type houses which, as in making a cake, they stirred well up into their housing estate. The owners did not seem to realise that in this kind of variegated housing any expression of human dignity was lost, not acquired. What could be more soul-destroying than the vast seas of separate or semi-detached suburban houses that have swamped the outskirts of industrial cities since 1920? These houses, which may all be quite different in their spurious decoration, are yet all exactly the same—the same in their meanness, and in their pusillanimity.

Perhaps there is nothing more valuable to be learnt from the consideration of the best towns of the past than what they have to tell us of the necessity of coherent design. In the magnificent layout of Bath, in the Georgian squares of London, in the university precincts, and in the charming grouping of terrace houses which form the basis of all England's most beautiful villages, we see a unity of design and a coherence in the planning. Each dwelling does not vulgarly assert its independence, but shares in the collective dignity of the whole layout. The myth that 'the Englishman's home is his castle' was produced in the nineteenth century. And as castles do not

make good terraces, terraces were given up, and the dignity of towns destroyed.

THE SOLUTION

The solution for us today is surely terrace houses around open squares and spacious quadrangles of lawns and trees, punctuated with high blocks of flats. In the squares would be gardens, tennis courts and children's playgrounds. The simple form of terraces would give dignity to the residential district, while high blocks of flats would add interest by giving a continuously altering skyline.

Chaos, as bad as that found in the worst housing estates, prevails in many shopping districts. Here buildings are used not only to express individualism, but often to act as advertisements themselves. Each building in the shopping street tries to be more noticeable than the others. This should be prevented in the future. Shop owners must realise that, like all others, they have civic responsibility. Shopping districts, to be pleasant, must have some homogeneity of character and form. Opportunity for advertisement is doubtless necessary. But it should not be one of the functions of the buildings themselves.

We have been considering the subjective aspects of town planning, with special regard to man's inherited prejudices; and I have tried to outline the effect these must have on future planning. Let us now consider the town as one of man's art forms, as a means of human expression.

Whereas a painter is working with colours on a flat surface, a sculptor with solid forms, a musician with movement in time, a town planner is concerned with the organisation of space. The fine relationship of one space to another, and the imaginative relationship of these spaces to the solids that enclose them or penetrate them—this is the work of the town planner. This is his task when, after having made full research into the social requirements, and analysed the technical problems, he has to transpose his solution into three-dimensional form. He is now in the sphere of pure architecture and he must be vitally alive to the sensations experienced when moving about in space amongst solid forms. I think the simplest way of explaining what I mean is to give an example. Let us imagine ourselves walking through the 'quads' of Oxford or Cambridge. Let us imagine that we are approaching these from a street, where the road running away into the distance in front and behind gives us a sense of flowing movement, controlled by the flanking buildings on each side. We reach the entrance gateway, flanked on each side by a massive wall, and as we enter the dark, low-ceilinged vestibule in the wall, we experience a maximum contrast with the sense of flowing space outside. It is a kind of spatial cold shower. Passing on, we find ourselves in a courtyard or 'quadrangle', surrounded by walls, but open to the sky. We feel a sense of opening out. But there is here the quiet peace of mind given by space-limitation. We walk across the courtyard, and enter a narrow passage in one corner, and as we pass through this, we experience another spatial contrast. For this passage has a strong sense of direction, and presses in on us on each side. Emerging at the other end, we suddenly come out into the open, and have a view of trees and a winding river. Spatial sensations such as these we experience in every town that delights us. We enjoy the contrast of entering a wide and open market square through a dark, mediæval gateway, or the shelter of flanking buildings beside a park. As we enter the park itself we get another contrast of space-sensation.

The ordering of these sensations of space, so as to give the maximum pleasure to anyone walking or driving about in the town, is one of the bases of good civic design. Squares and colonnades, tall blocks of flats and terraces must be arranged so that the spaces around them are as finely proportioned as the buildings themselves. We still need the contrast of concentration and open space. But the freer conception of space, which is one of the most important developments in architectural planning, must be carried into the field of the town. We must not think so much in linear terms of street and axis, but in terms of openness and enclosure, and these terms must be related to people's lives and activities.

Although I have been comparing the best qualities of the towns of the past with what we might do today, I must emphasise that we should in no circumstances try to imitate the architecture of the past. For much of its quality is due to the fact that the builders were thinking for themselves, and expressing themselves. We, too, must think for ourselves. Our own civilisation must have its own expression. Nowhere so much as in the towns he creates does man express so clearly his fundamental beliefs, his state of knowledge, his form of society.

The town, although it has recently been degraded into a battlefield for property-investors and speculative builders, can be one of man's greatest art forms.

HAS JAZZ A FUTURE?

O. J. RUSSELL

BEFORE we are at liberty to discuss the question of the problematical future of jazz, it is no doubt pertinent to ascertain exactly what we mean by jazz. Although to the many it may seem redolent of the Joadian quibble to inquire what is meant by the term 'jazz', this point has considerable significance, more especially as the keenest students of jazz are by no means settled upon this point themselves. The dissensions and discussions upon the subject are, in point of fact, as bitter and fanatic as those prompted by the notorious schisms and heresies rending the churches in the heyday of religious intolerance and enthusiasm. The innermost temples of the art, namely the rhythm clubs, echo and re-echo the slogans and battle-cries of the more dogmatic adherents of the various schools of jazz musicianship, to the greater glory of Ellington, the New Orleans style, Dixieland style, or whatever group is at the present moment in greater force.

The reader must be warned against assuming that 'rhythm' is the sole element of jazz. The purest example of rhythm in its stark, staring, isolated state is provided by the beat of a metronome. In the world of music, we may assume that a very close approach to a purely metronomic efficiency is provided by the justly-esteemed orchestra of Victor Sylvester. Whatever the musicianly merits of this popular combination are, the devotees of the rhythm clubs are united in profane denial that the style of this orchestra has any affinity with 'true' jazz. This point of view had perhaps better be developed further by quoting from a letter published in the *Wireless World*, in which it is clearly stated that 'crooners and dance bands have no relationship to jazz.' These are no doubt hard words, but it is undeniable that the easy public acceptance of jazz as being primarily the anæmic love-lorn emanations of the usual dance orchestras has long required a strong counterblast. However, owing to these misconceptions which have arisen largely as a result of newspaper propaganda, a few tentative definitions are in order.

Jazz, as a surprisingly large percentage of the population are more or less aware, originated from the folk music of the American negro. Possibly the most characteristic feature of true negro jazz is a certain fierce lyric quality, expressed in characteristic thematic variations and improvisations, such improvisations developing into the various 'hot styles', the process of extemporisation being appropriately termed 'hotting up'. The subject of style, as in most arts, is so vast and controversy-ridden that it cannot be dealt with here, although we should mention that jazz styles have been classified into various schools, named after their nominal places of origin, of which the Chicago, New Orleans, and New York styles are the most easily differentiated.

Jazz, while regarded as an exclusively modern product, can readily be traced back to last century, and no doubt, with sufficiently resolute research, to even earlier times. It is undoubtedly true, however, that the atmosphere of the inter-war period was eminently suitable for the energetic growth, assimilation and appreciation of jazz. Jazz was a music admirably suited to the spirit of the times. The feverish stimulation of the faster types of jazz, and the beautiful, yet nostalgic and sorrowful, cadences of the blues fitted the hectic and troubled era perfectly. The jagged and complicated syncopated rhythms mirrored that pattern of alternate slump and boom so typical of the external world of events, torn with strife, discords, and uncertainty. Jazz as such is, and was, a true folk music; an expression of humanity's reaction to the event-world of imperative reality.

As can well be imagined, the more hectic and stimulating moods of jazz formed a perfect background and setting for the legendary Chicago gun battles of the prohibition era. The Chicago style is, in fact, one of the noisiest, raucous and fiercely virile of the pure types of jazz. The importance played by prohibition in the development of jazz is difficult to overestimate. At least one eminent critic, in melancholy retrospect over a supposed decline of jazz, has suggested that the monument to this 'golden era' of jazz should take the form of the replica of a gigantic bottle of gin.

Jazz, then, in its early days was a purely negro development. The essential part played by improvisation implied that the personality of the improviser was all-important, and this insistence upon the personal aspect of the interpretation is still true. Jazz in fact is, in its purest form, a highly emotional medium of expression for gifted performers. The greatest examples of this are found in the performances of Louis Armstrong, whose records contain plentiful examples of

incredible virtuosity in the use and development of the language and idiom of jazz. Further examples of outstanding personalities that leap to the mind are the late Fats Waller, Coleman Hawkins, the Teagardens, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, and a host of other names, including Bix Biederbeck, about whom the glamour of legend and mysticism has gathered darkly.

Pure jazz is thus seen to be a medium of personal expression for the executant, rather than for the composer. However, signs are not lacking that, in newer developments arising from jazz, the composer and arranger play a more important rôle. The protagonists of various jazz and jazz-derived art-forms are for the moment so directly involved in the conflict inherent in the stress and change of evolution that it is difficult for them to assess the present position. In the development of jazz, an art-form largely an expression of the mood of the times, it was inevitable that such a flexible medium, possessed with abounding force and virility, tended to react of itself upon the external event-world, as it in its turn reacted to the changes in the external world. This evolutionary process has inevitably softened the boundaries, and subtly distorted the definitions and conventions of the art, resulting in confusion, especially to those who are not aware of the history of jazz.

What is today termed 'swing music' presents considerable difficulty to those who seek to understand the distinctions and differences from jazz in the pure sense. Viewed in the analytical sense, the problem is difficult, depending upon a highly developed critical sense and acquaintance with the fundamental idiom of the jazz art-form. Historically speaking, the problem is one of written orchestration versus inspired improvisation. The final decision of the listener naturally depends upon the aesthetic quality of the result, it being immaterial whether the sound patterns are the result of orchestrated premeditation, or spontaneous improvisation (assuming an equal artistic merit in the finished products). The development of 'swing' commenced some fourteen years ago, largely as a means of exploiting the rapid growth of public appreciation in the late nineteen-thirties. The commercial value of jazz, as distinct from popular dance music, had become appreciable. Orchestras, largely composed of white musicians, unable to reach the heights of torrid negro improvisations, resorted to musical quotation. Phrases culled from epic-recorded jazz performances of the past were incorporated in written orchestrations. The emphasis shifted from the skill of the improvisor to the skill of the composer and orchestral arranger. This process was most clearly shown by the Casa Loma orchestra, a group of white musicians, whose early records, such as *White Jazz*, were hailed by the critics as masterpieces of orchestral precision and phrasing. Later, however, there were cries to the effect that, although the performances were at first exhilarating and thrilling, the later records showed a certain sameness and purely mechanical slickness that became wearisome. However, by virtue of the exhilarating drive provided by designed and planned orchestrations, the music became popular with the public, and more and more orchestras exploited this technique, with the result that lyric improvisation tended to become neglected and overlooked. The process of mechanisation reached such heights that phrases used as bridge passages in earlier recordings were repeated and expanded to the length of complete compositions. *A phrase to be heard on the Don Redman recording of* Hot and Anxious *as a bridge passage of a few bars, was then presented to the public as the swing composition entitled* In the Mood.

To the supporters of what was now termed 'true' or 'righteous' jazz (to distinguish it from the literally synthetic products of the 'swing' musicians), the growth of swing music was regarded as a deplorable manifestation of the profit motive. The deprecation of the more absurd and aesthetically displeasing aspects of 'swing' was justified. However, the profit motive in itself is not altogether evil, while it would appear that the application of order, in the shape of some measure of orchestration, was of value in increasing the artistic performance of jazz, provided that the inspired fervour of solo improvisation was not submerged or debased to mechanical routine.

This last criterion brings us naturally to the unique personality of Duke Ellington. Long before the craze for swing orchestrations had swept the jazz world, the works of Ellington combined a blend of orchestration and free improvisation in such a manner that, although the product was undeniable jazz in the fullest sense, they were by virtue of the subtlety and genius of the orchestral arrangements sharply defined from the rest of jazz. In fact they form a subject for separate study in themselves. Their validity as an expression of the time spirit has been neatly crystallised by Constant Lambert, who remarks that in his two compositions, *Hot and Bothered* and the subdued and melancholy *Mood Indigo*, Ellington covers the entire gamut of emotion from fevered excitement to gloomy introspection, characteristic of modern civilisation. The music of Ellington has evolved a highly

Gigantic piano in the film King of Jazz *which starred Paul Whiteman and his orchestra*

specialised idiom of its own, repaying study by all interested in music, and shows (apart from its jazz origins) a probably subconscious assimilation of musical trends derived from Wagner, Debussy and Delius. It has also reacted upon the external jazz and swing spheres, the impact of Ellington having markedly influenced the present tendencies of orchestration and tone colours employed by dance bands.

While Ellington himself is evolving towards a closer relationship to the orthodox musical world, as evinced by the recent performance of his hour-long symphony (a large jump forward from the more usual four-minute duration of a ten-inch record) and his much earlier *Creole Rhapsody*, and the almost classic outlines of his piano solo, *Swampy River*, it seems obvious in what directions jazz will eventually evolve. We have clear indications that the world of orthodox music is not above profiting from the sphere of jazz. While the gap between the two is still large, a fusion of the two, perhaps on the lines already taken by Ellington, should produce a new and dynamic form of music capable of reaching heights impossible of attainment by either separately. As jazz itself was largely aided by the world unrest of the inter-war periods, it may be that the post-war epoch may produce the stimulus necessary to the evolution of a higher music art form. An interesting sign is the revival of the more primitive jazz forms by certain American bands, indicative that the present conditions reproduce something of the world feeling of the last war. The future of jazz is well worth studying, and holds the promise of well repaying the study.

Finally, about those absurd people who, crying havoc at the sound of the word jazz, denounce it as a morbid, transient and unwholesome sign of present-day decadence : such people are, by their unreasoning intolerance, unworthy of serious consideration. The event-world sweeps us onward. Intolerance and bigotry merely confuse the issues for those who wish to appreciate and evaluate that which is evinced in the minds and actions of men.

DO WE WANT TRIAL MARRIAGE?

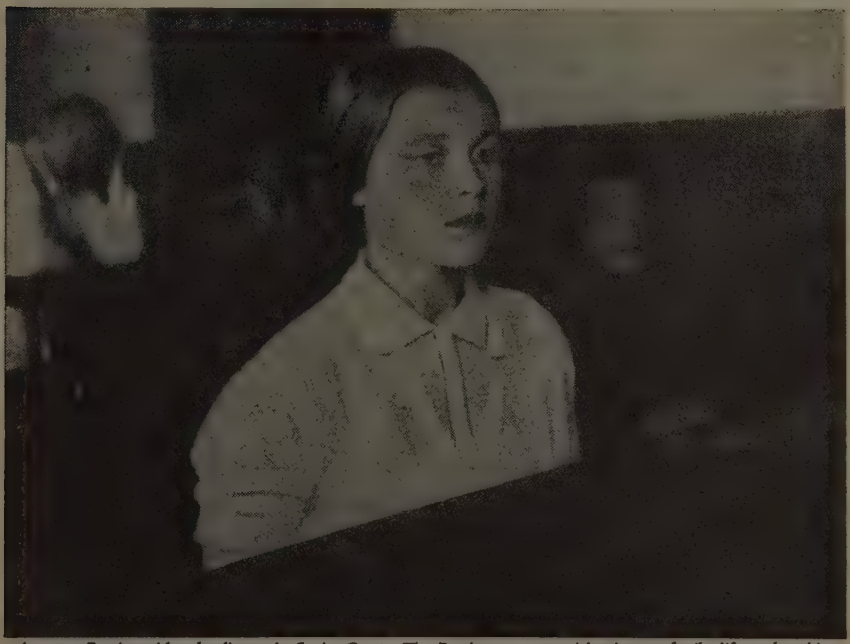
PRIVATE S. E. TUTTELL Sent in from a lonely Ack Ack H.Q.

ANY suggestion of alteration or addition to the matrimonial laws, to include a plan whereby a couple desirous of marriage would be allowed, legally, to live together, prior to actual marriage, would, I imagine, be met with cries of horror by the authorities, who would probably visualise the collapse, both moral and social, of the nation. However, if we really intend to lay the foundations of a 'New World' for those to follow, would it not be advisable for us to consider whether this attitude to such a proposal is based upon false and foolish moral teaching, or upon sound common-sense objections? Divorce proceedings are a perpetual reminder of the difficulty experienced by many to live happily together. Is it not reasonable, therefore, to suppose that lack of experience may be largely, but by no means wholly, responsible for the trouble? In almost every other sphere of social life experience is sought, and paid for highly, but apparently, in what after all is one of the major events of life, it suddenly ceases to be valuable, and we are told that it is 'unnecessary' or 'undesirable'. Surely acceptance of this statement is only the result of a false and foolish moral teaching, and is not based upon reasonable judgment. Many people feel that, in order to know, really know, other persons, you must live with them, and so become fully aware of their reactions when confronted, for instance, by failure or success in some project, by sickness, or any of the influences which can bring either happiness or sadness to the individual. Of inestimable value also, they feel, would be the knowledge gained by both on the sexual aspect

Just married!

3

of the relationship, often in itself the cause of many unsatisfactory marriages. If, for the purpose of discussion, we assume that our moral attitudes are the result of teaching, and not based upon original thought and personal experience, would it not be advisable to reconsider the value, or otherwise, of such teachings in the light of modern conditions? Assuming also that after serious consideration of the moral aspect, we accept the conclusion that modern conditions call for some sort of pre-marital union, we are then faced with the problem of how best to attain this. Obviously such a plan would have to be designed to prevent wholesale abuse of it by those only concerned with the sexual advantages of such a union. To achieve this, laws could be framed whereby couples would be compelled to remain together for a period of two years, this being a deterrent to those who, seeking only sexual advantages, would otherwise defeat the object. Such people would not consider a two-year union an advantage, and would therefore find no attraction in the plan. Thus would be opened, for those desirous of it, and those only, the alternative to a marriage based mainly on chance. The plan would obviously have to include full provision for any children born of such a union, and it is readily agreed that their happiness and general welfare are of paramount importance. In order to ensure that this is achieved, it would probably be found necessary for the government to enforce some measure of control in the matter. It should ensure that such children receive exactly the same rights and privileges as those born in ordinary wedlock, and that their parents were made fully aware of their responsibilities. Provision would also have to be made for those children whose birth was not planned, and whose coming may mean the break-up of the union, due either to financial burdens, impossible to cope with, or antagonism to the child. For, however disturbing this attitude may be, we must face the fact that, in some unions, it exists. It is suggested that, in order to give such children every chance, they should be under the care of those trained in child psychology, who would be assisted by men and women chosen for their love of children, their knowledge, and their capabilities. In reading this article it must be remembered that it is not an attack upon marriage. It is a plea for those who feel that its laws are not in accordance with modern conditions and demands.



A young Russian girl seeks divorce in Soviet Court. The Russians are now tightening up family life, and making divorce more difficult

THE BACKWARDNESS OF AMERICA

FROM the point of view of labour the United States appear to be behind Germany and France, to say nothing of our own country. This was very strikingly illustrated last month by the extraordinary attack that has been made upon Professor Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, for entertaining Socialistic views. The *Nation*, of New York, which is almost savagely opposed to the modern social movement, published a letter from a Wisconsin professor accusing Professor Ely of a multitude of offences, all tending to prove that his teaching was Socialistic, and calculated to produce anarchy and crime. If any such letter had been published in England, say, about Professor Sidgwick, Professor Stuart, or the late Thorold Rogers, every one would have laughed.

THE CYCLE AND WOMAN'S DRESS

THE question of providing woman with a rational, convenient, and healthy dress is being solved at last by an agency which no one could have dreamed of ten years ago. Petticoats, which have survived all other attacks, are perishing before the cycle. Petticoated cyclists carry their lives in the skirts of their unbifurcated garments, and after one or two upsets the most prejudiced rider learns to see the virtue of knickerbockers. They will beautify them in due season, when they learn to discard the ungraceful gaiter, which in some odd way seems to be believed to be a kind of fig-leaf atoning for the absence of the petticoat. Princess Laetitia, the widow of ex-King Amadeo of Spain, scandalised society at Turin last month by riding on the racecourse on her bicycle with a smart escort of courtiers and ladies of honour, also on bicycles. The Princess is very stout and very fast, and it was not only her dress which created a sensation. She wore black silk tights, patent leather boots with leggings, a divided skirt of heavy black silk ornamented with silver thread, and a close-fitting waist of the same material. On her head was a white silk yachting cap, and around her waist a silver girdle, with numerous attachments on small silver chains. That costume would create a sensation anywhere. But a lady can bicycle all over Britain alone, attired in neat and simple knickerbockers, without attracting any inconvenient attention. My secretary has just returned from a month's solitary ride, which she has made, rationally dressed, from London to Lowestoft, York, Durham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Keswick, Bangor, Stratford, and home without experiencing any more annoyance than the amazed salute of a startled rustic or the saucy chaff of a boy in the street.

ARE AMERICAN CITIZENS FOR CRIME?

THIS is the answer which Mr. I. Brook Leavitt makes in the *Forum* of August to the above question. The article, which is entitled 'Criminal Degradation of New York Citizenship', is based upon the evidence brought to light in New York by the Lexow Investigating Committee appointed by the Senate to examine into the charge of police corruption. Mr. Leavitt says:

> 'The Senate Investigating Committee's examination has, however, demonstrated one thing—that the time has come when voters must choose between supporting reform or crime. There is now no middle ground. He who is not for reform, stands for crime.'

And at present there seems, on his showing, to be no doubt that the majority, in the cities at least, are for crime.

> 'This inquiry has disclosed the terrible fact that the quality of our American citizenship is being destroyed in the race for wealth. Personal convenience outweighs civic duty. That trait of our national character, the dislike of making in little things what we call a fuss, has been treated as if it were a virtue. It was a foible. It has become cultivated into a fault.'

Cycling costume of 1894, considered 'rational and pretty'

From a photograph of Miss Terriss in *The Amazons*, by Mr. Alfred Ellis

SCIENCE FRONT

POWER IN THE FUTURE

FROM time to time gloomy prophets lecture on the imminent exhaustion of our oil or coal resources, the two most important energy sources for the greater part of the world. There is no doubt that eventually these energy sources will be exhausted, though opinion may differ as to when; but the thought from time to time stimulates invention towards something new, the most popular idea being some form of sun-motor.

The sun in fact, directly or indirectly, is the source of effectively all the energy we use here on earth. Heating and lighting by day and night (when the dead moon reflects the sun's rays) are obvious, but coal is the compressed bodies of long dead plants which lived and grew only by virtue of the sun, and oil, too, is the product of once living matter which relied on the sun for its existence. The waterfalls which drive our hydro-electric power-stations are there only because the sun evaporates water from the seas and deposits it as rain high up on mountain sides; the winds blow, and turn our windmills, only because the sun's rays, falling alike on land and sea, heat them at different rates and so induce air currents from areas of cold to areas of warmth. Without the sun we should be left only with one or two chemical reactions which generate heat, the thermit reaction of the incendiary bomb, for instance. Even most of these can only be prepared for use by burning wood or coal, for they depend as heat producers on oxidations—the chemical combination of oxygen from the air with substances from the earth; and in nature, substances occur already oxidised long ago in the geological pre-historic past, and must be first reduced before they can be re-oxidised and yield a flame.

The realisation that the sun is the source of terrestrial energy raises the question of where it gets its energy from.

The popular idea is that it does this by burning, but this idea cannot be correct for a number of reasons. In the first place the sun radiates enormous quantities of heat and light into space, and yet itself barely decreases in amount or temperature, but remains constant in the sky, century after century, in fact, æon after æon. Secondly, from the amount of heat and light it does emit it is possible to calculate both its surface temperature and internal temperature. At the surface it is 6,000°C. hotter than anything attainable on earth, and to keep the surface at this heat, Eddington estimates the centre to be at the astonishing figure of 20 *million* degrees centigrade. At such temperatures, burning as known to us would be quite impossible, because burning means oxidation, the chemical combination of oxygen with substances. But at such temperatures, all chemical combinations are smashed up: water, which is the oxidation product of hydrogen, is not only turned to steam, but burst asunder into hydrogen and oxygen again. Clearly the sun produces its energy by some method different from those with which we are familiar.

A photograph by special technique of a bombardment of nitrogen atoms by helium atomic muler. There was a collision at the fork—a direct hit scored—and two fragments are flying away to adjacent corners of the picture

The answer, and the possibility that in the future we may get our energy in the same manner as the sun, and not merely at second-hand from that heavenly body, lies in the development of modern atomic physics, a subject only just 40 years old, and up till now regarded as highly academic and unpractical, of no interest to hard-headed industrialists.

For our purpose, the atom may be described as a miniature solar system: a large massy nucleus in the centre giving the atom its characteristic elementary physical properties, such as weight, around which revolve at some distance in various rings or shells a number of electrons, which give the characteristic chemical properties of the element. This widely popularised picture grew out of the studies on the properties of radium about the beginning of the century, and the details became filled in, in a rather unexpected way. It was found that the massive positively-charged nuclei of the radio-active elements were unstable: every so often one of them would break up by emitting a small positively-charged

fragment which could be identified as the nucleus of a helium atom, and at the same time a large quantity of energy. By emitting a series of fragments a radium atom would eventually turn into one of lead, and the processes involved would be essentially the production of helium and energy. This energy was so large in quantity that the amount available in several pounds of radium would drive a transatlantic liner to America and back if released fairly rapidly. In fact, however, it is released so slowly that it would take several weeks for an ounce or two of radium to warm a cup of tea. The unstable decomposing atoms are few and far between at any given moment. All the radium on earth is slowly decaying spontaneously, but it is taking it millions of years to be all converted into lead, and meanwhile the released energy is an insignificant contribution to our warmth. In any case radium is rare and expensive. It does not seem very attractive as a new 'fuel'.

But it points a new way. The disintegration of atomic nuclei leads to the release of large quantities of energy. Supposing we could make nuclei break up at will? This is now being attempted, the essence of the scheme being to fire a bullet of sub-atomic dimensions at an atom in the hope of hitting the nucleus and causing it to explode. This is not an easy matter: the target is very small, and of course carries a positive charge, so that the most satisfactory 'bullets' are those without a charge—an uncommon matter in the atomic world. Such particles can, however, be generated, by making atomic nuclei of heavy hydrogen collide, for instance. The neutrons so produced are fired at some suitable substance, and a proportion of them score direct hits and fracture the nuclei of the atoms of the substance with energy liberation. The best results reported so far are those of the German physicists, O. Hahn and Lise Meitner, who in 1939 secured the largest energy release yet by splitting uranium atoms with a neutron beam into barium and krypton. Since then all work has been on the secret list, but the ideal is clear, namely to fire a shower of neutrons at atoms, to fragment them with energy liberation *plus the production of more neutrons*, so that more atoms will be smashed, and the process once started will continue. It is believed that the sun gets its energy from these atomic nuclear transformations. In a hundred years or so, perhaps less, we shall be able to do likewise; but it will mean a new kind of engineering, and coal and oil will no longer be important. Atom-smashing is no longer a joke, but a matter of prime importance, dependent on the activities of competent and highly-skilled electrical engineers, who alone can build a machine like the cyclotron, which is used for releasing atomic energy. In this, as in so much else, America is leading the way.

THE DUMB SHALL BELCH

BELCHING is sometimes the thing in English polite society, in spite of what we are brought up to think. It has come about this way. The human voice-box, or larynx, is in the throat behind the 'Adam's Apple', and like other parts of the body may be subject to cancer. In such cases the commonest and most satisfactory treatment is a surgical operation to remove the cancer and the diseased organ; but this of course means the removal of the vocal cords with the larynx, so that the person can no longer speak—at least as intended by Nature. Air blowing up from the lungs no longer brushes against the cords and sets them vibrating with sound.

Originally this has been solved by fitting in an artificially-made piece of apparatus at the upper end of the windpipe, which would resonate sufficiently for a telephone conversation to be made. Then somebody discovered that even without this engineering product, the dumb could learn to speak, and Professor Bruger has recently made a study by means of X-rays of what happens. It appears that people who have lost their voice-box transfer their speed activities from their breathing system to their digestive system, from their larynx, trachea, and lungs to their œsophagus and stomach. The normal stomach always contains air, which shows up as a transparent gas bubble in the X-ray, and which is responsible for the hollow drum sound the doctor gets when he taps just below the border of the ribs on the left side. This air gets there because with every mouthful of food and drink one swallows some air; some people are actually large air-eaters and so distend their stomachs by this careless eating that they suffer feelings of acute indigestion after every meal, and only belching up some of the air again will bring relief. That is what the speechless patient does: he learns to belch, in a controlled manner, and so produces an air blast up his œsophagus. Meanwhile certain muscles at the top of the œsophagus become lipped, protruding out into the cavity like real vocal cords, and the rush of air up from the stomach sets them vibrating. By skilful control one can now speak almost as well as before; and the skill is not quite so great as might be thought, because of one important fact, that belching is much easier when the larynx has been removed. It is a great demonstration of the adaptability of the human body.

MAN THE MASTER

GERALD HEARD

REVIEWED BY BRUCE BAIN

Man the Master is only the latest instalment of Gerald Heard's plan for a new humanity, a plan whose anthropological, historical and psychological bases he expounded in books such as *The Ascent of Humanity*, *The Third Morality* and *Pain, Sex and Time*. But we have singled it out for review because, by its application to the contemporary situation, the essential weaknesses of that plan are exposed. It is, moreover, a condensation of Mr. Heard's beliefs and of the preceding books. I regard this as a book of tomorrow—not only because it is ignored by the *cognoscenti* of today, but because our age, having passed through the Commissar phase (to use the terms of Arthur Koestler), is now entering that of the Yogi. And in this period the doctrines of Mr. Heard and his disciples—for he has already attracted disciples; already 'gymnasia of the mind' are formed in the suburbs—will exercise a considerable influence. Contemporary critics have been content to sneer at the Californian Yogis. They have seldom examined the significance of their beliefs.

Briefly, this is the thesis of *Man the Master*. The choice before man today is between 'democratic inefficiency, discontent and futility' and 'totalitarian tyranny, fanaticism and destruction'. Democracy has no future. Dictatorship must fail. Man must therefore choose between anarchy and chaos or—listening to Gerald Heard. The remedy is in our hands. A class of men, who already exist among us, will be trained to act as seers, as the eyes of the community, the 'neo-Brahmins'. They will not hold power themselves, but will control, non-coercively, the policy of the statesmen, and 'save them from themselves.' These seers will be the forerunners of the new 'mutation' in humanity, which Heard forecast in earlier books, and will bridge in themselves that gap between conscious and subconscious mind that has existed since the Renaissance. The 'remainder' of the population in this new 'living body-politic' will 'trust the guidance' of the enlightened few. This remainder is divided into two classes: the routineers and unskilled workers, and the craftsmen and technicians. In this stabilised society, the caste-system will bring redemption to man, under the wise leadership of the seers. Meanwhile, Mr. Heard suggests the formation of 'gymnasia of the mind', where candidates for the class of neo-Brahmins will spend their spare time in meditation and concentration, and the progressive techniques of Yoga.

I do not say that Mr. Heard is a false prophet, but he is certainly an inaccurate one. There are a myriad objections to his arguments, which are not assisted by his turgid style, his excessive dogmatism, and his transparent conviction of his own function as the healer of the nations. First we must know—just who is Man? Heard continually identifies the man in the street with himself, attributing to him his own advanced self-consciousness, although, when inconvenient, he dismisses him benevolently to his prison of caste. It is a fundamental weakness in his thought, for the crisis that he describes is desperate only for the intellectual class to which he belongs, and Heard, in spite of his continual use of the royal 'we', can by no means be accepted as the spokesman of humanity. Furthermore, he frequently bases his dogmatic generalisations on very scanty evidence, illustrated by the most incongruous analogies. In writing of the social value of the king, for instance, he compares him with an ape, a carburettor, a hyphen, a pipe-line, and with Vishnu. A bombing plane is compared with the fangs and poison sac of a snake as the product of degenerative devolution. Underlying his whole system of thought is one basically false analogy—his comparison of the state with an organism, and in particular with the human organism, a comparison which vitiates many of his conclusions.

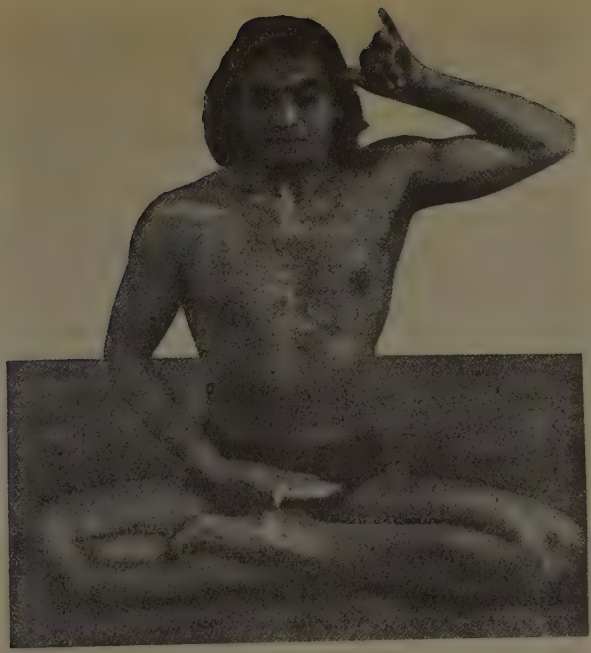
Mr. Heard, moreover, shows a strange political bias which is discomfortingly incongruous in the prophet of a new morality. Russian Communism, he asserts, is only Fascism under another name, and he gives it another twenty-five years' existence, while the United States is 'the greatest and most consistent democracy'. His complete disregard for the economic bases of society and conduct, his under-estimation of the significances of political belief, lead him to ridiculously false analyses of contemporary history. He would have us believe, for instance, that the kings of Spain, Bulgaria and other misruled countries provided their people with a 'sense of security'. (They certainly fulfilled that function for the possessing

'Our age having passed through the Commissar phase . .

classes). The position of the lower castes in Mr. Heard's new society makes us uneasy. 'The routineer,' he says, 'will be *permitted* (my italics) to have a life of innocent impulse and appetite, following tradition, and relieved of higher disciplines and heavier responsibilities.' The 'necessary thinking' will be done for him. Sex is the thing for him, says Mr. Heard: that will keep him quiet. This condition of the majority of the population sounds dangerously similar to its function in a totalitarian state. What space is there in this stratified society for that expansion of individuality which the writer assures us will disintegrate the U.S.S.R. in a few decades?

Indeed, though Mr. Heard can supply us with the most intimate details of diet, carriage and exercise of the neo-Brahmin, he is irritatingly vague about the process of reorganising society. How is the seer going to get where he is? We are told with apocalyptic fervour that things will get so bad that the routineer-Sudra and the technician-Vasya will turn to him for aid. But things will never get that bad (to use an Americanism) because these classes are *not* experiencing that crisis of consciousness which Mr. Heard insists on as a general condition. Our situation is not as desperate as he imagines. And we have other alternatives. Even if this organisation were ever to be established, how are we to know that it would not exploit its pupils? It would not, asserts Mr. Heard heavily. His assertion is, it seems, sufficient evidence. How are we to know that the new type will emerge? They are already here, answers Mr. Heard loftily, and drags in the reluctant Professor Jung as an unconvincing witness. We remain unconvinced, both of the possibility and desirability of this new society.

Why, then, should I consider *Man the Master* a book of tomorrow? Although as a social panacea it is valueless, its doctrines have a great individual appeal, and although many of its arguments are fundamentally false, it is a falsity that will win popularity. We may agree that the general aim of evolution is the extension of consciousness, but not that the method of that extension must follow the prescription of Mr. Heard. We may ruefully acknowledge that at present there is a vast inequality in human capacity, but we would propose to remedy that by providing greater equality of opportunity, rather than to stabilise the inequality by a rigid caste-system . . . But



. . . . . is now entering that of the Yogi'

whichever path European society takes after the war, the programme of Heardhux (to use Professor Joad's satirical label) will win many supporters. Like all skilful propaganda, it has a sufficient element of truth to make it credible. Its generalisations are satisfyingly simple. In the event of a return to the pre-war anarchy of unplanned domestic economy, and unregulated international relations, there will be a great increase in the popularity of private religions, as a result of disillusionment with the old creeds and Party programmes. This system of Yoga will become increasingly popular, especially among the intellectual classes. It offers purpose, and the conviction of self-righteousness. It makes some show of intellectual austerity. It flourishes scientific sanction, and proofs drawn from every sphere of knowledge with fascinating catholicity of taste. It justifies man's belief in his own divinity, and reinstates him as centre of the universe. It holds out the temptation of power, and the most subtle form of power-spiritual domination (brilliantly analysed by Huxley in his *Grey Eminence*). On the other hand, if helot states with totalitarian economies are established in Europe, such a system of belief will provide not only refuge but strength; may even play the rôle of early Christianity under Roman rule. One can forsee its adoption by the benevolent despots, who would justly see it as a strong stabilising force. As we have seen from history, there is no possible connection between the truth of a belief and its popularity. The beliefs outlined in *Man the Master* will accord with the general shift in emphasis in the West from the outer to the inner world. As the East is being increasingly moulded by the pattern of Western mechanised societies, and by the Western patterns of thought, so in Europe there is a new interest in the inner life, in Yoga, in Taoism, in the mysterious and platitudinous masters of Tibet. The sales of the books of Jung, Heard, Freud and Paul Brunton are indices of the same change in focus. As man becomes, however gradually, increasingly self-conscious, the concurrent desire to transcend that limited consciousness, the irrepressible human desire to advance, will give Heard's teachings a far greater importance than they now enjoy, or perhaps deserve. Cloudy rhetoric, loose thought, slipshod writing, cluttered with journalese, and pseudo-scientific jargon! But *Man the Master* provides a dynamic. It is a book of tomorrow.

NEW BOOKS

NATIONALITY IN HISTORY AND POLITICS

By Frederick Hertz. *Kegan Paul.* 25s.

A study of the growth of the spirit of nationality, with special emphasis on the modern disease of nationalism—perhaps the greatest single cause of our present miseries. Europe was the breeding-ground of the disease, and it is in Europe that the cure must be sought.

Dr. Hertz very wisely begins his book with an examination of the forms of national consciousness, which enables him to formulate clear definitions of terms such as national consciousness, national character, national self-determination, the vague use of which has enabled modern politicians and writers of every land to make countless spurious appeals to their countrymen.

National consciousness, for example, is summed up as a striving for national personality—an aspiration, quite legitimate in itself, of which every rabid nationalist makes very free use. Significantly, it has been in a Europe virtually without a truly spiritual sanction for its organic life that such fanatics have appeared.

Because it covers less familiar ground, perhaps the most interesting chapter of Dr. Hertz's book is that on Religion and Nationality, dealing as it does with both East and West. In Europe, the Reformation had everywhere a strongly national character. And now the wheel has turned full circle. 'Every nationality really wishes to have a religion of its own symbolising its national spirit.'

The book is almost encyclopædic in scope, though I should have liked to see a chapter on Nationality and Art included. There are sound, admirably objective essays on Nationality and Race, National Territory, the National State and the National Will, the Social Background of Modern Nationalism, and a really fine chapter on Political Thought and National Ideology.

The impression the book leaves is of the appalling complexity of the problem. We have to create a new European and world spirit. The immediate responsibility upon education is enormous. But is this sufficiently realised?

JAMES EASTWOOD

SUMMARY OF THE WORLD FEDERATION PLAN

By Ely Culbertson. *Faber & Faber.* 5s.

Yes, the same Culbertson who made a fortune out of Contract Bridge and who is also obviously a sociologist of insight and ability.

All freedoms, as Culbertson truly says, are based on Freedom from War. And the proposition emerges that just as modern propaganda technique has disarmed the masses morally, the revolution in heavy weapons has disarmed them physically, so that these decisive weapons are the monopoly of but a few nations.

The essence of the plan, therefore, is to achieve the segregation of these heavy weapons. Or, in political terms, to make power politics impossible. The plan contains two leading ideas. The first is the regional principle.

Eleven regional federations, each one a natural economic, psycho-social and geopolitical unit, each region consisting of one or more sovereign states, together with their autonomous possessions and colonies, if any. Representatives of the member Regional Federations form the Government of the World Federation, all powers strictly limited. Culbertson recognises that nationalism cannot be abolished at once, but his plan, by machinery that looks as if it would tick, and suitable education, aims to put the rabid form under control. Second leading idea is the Quota Force Principle, 'a new method of armament, composition and distribution of the national armed forces of each state, by means of which the Government of the World Federation obtains an overwhelming Police Force of its own, based on a monopoly of heavy weapons, without jeopardising the capacity of an individual state to resist aggression.' That is, force, and its threat, under control.

Interesting point is that members of the national forces and the international mobile corps are all highly paid volunteers. No conscripted nationalist movements, but intensive education of socially aware individuals. No blind masses hating each other. I hope no one advises Culbertson to stick to Bridge.

JAMES EASTWOOD

CURRENCY AFTER THE WAR—The British and American Plans

By Paul Einzig. *Nicholson & Watson.* 9s.

With the war approaching its final phases, the experts in all spheres of national and international affairs are producing their plans for the post-war world. In particular, schemes for regulating international currency are very much in the air, and the experts' new proposals published in the White Paper (Cmd. 6527) have been the subject of virile debates in both the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

All this makes the publication of a 150-page book on *Currency After the War* by such an authority as Professor Paul Einzig very timely. One thing is certain. If our plans in the monetary sphere, both national and international, are not based on sound commonsense, then we cannot hope to 'win the peace'. The layman, ordinarily a little afraid to delve into these questions, can be recommended to study this book which is eminently readable and very interesting.

Professor Einzig deals mainly with the two plans which have come to be known as the Morgenthau-White Plan, put forward by U.S.A., and the Keynes Plan, its British opposite number. He is a strong supporter of the latter, of which he says: 'The principles embodied in the Keynes Plan indicate beyond doubt the system of the future.' He does not claim that it is without shortcomings and these he deals with quite fully.

The author makes reference to the various unofficial plans, but dismisses these rather summarily as being of little account, and in this he does them less than justice. The views of such bodies as the London Chamber of Commerce (whose excellent Report on Monetary Policy was published as long ago as July 1932) have had an immense influence on today's thinking on these important questions, and it is a pity that in this valuable book little or no recognition is given to the value of these contributions.

The early chapters of the book give an instructive survey of international monetary policy from the nineteenth century right up to the present war period, a necessary preliminary to the study of the British and American plans which follow.

On the question of compromise between the American and British plans, Professor Einzig holds out little hope that the American business man will be persuaded to accept the more 'realistic' British approach. He says of the American view: 'One of the fundamental characteristics of the American people is their irresistible desire to sell, sell, sell. It is the dream of the American exporter that every one of the four hundred million Chinese should own a Ford car, and that all the male inhabitants of the globe should shave with American-made electric razors.'

Finally, Professor Einzig urges that we must not allow our genuine desire for post-war co-operation with the U.S.A. to force us into a position where we accept an international currency arrangement that would put us in the position of being a 'poor relation who may inspire compassion but not respect.' He concludes: 'The only hope for Great Britain to be able to deal with the United States on an equal footing is to work out her own salvation without depending on American financial assistance. To that end it is indispensable that she should have a currency system which would provide her with a maximum of opportunity to make full use of her productive resources. Her financial, economic and political power in the post-war world would be gravely impaired by the choice of a currency system that would rule out planned expansion. No advantage that could possibly be gained directly or indirectly by adherence to such a currency system would be worth such a sacrifice.'

We can only hope that the financial authorities in this country will give this book their most careful consideration and will be guided by it.

EDWARD HOLLOWAY

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MUNICH CRISIS

By Viscount Maugham. *Heinemann.* 5s.

A popular pastime among the politically minded is to take half-dead horses out of sometimes dishonourable retirement and publicly belabour them or feed them on the choicest oats, according to inclination. So here in the paddock once again is the British entry in the Munich Crisis stakes, all neatly groomed, with a red, white and blue ribbon in its tail, and the ghost of the owner looking on benignly. The beast even breaks into an occasional trot which, everything considered, is quite an achievement after all these years. Probably it is unfair to blame it too much for its performance in 1938. It did its best. After all, breeding tells, and if a fancy fail- him, the punter, and even the owner, may legitimately look for defects in the strain. To say nothing of the fact that in this case the track management hardly conformed to the best traditions of the Jockey Club. But the atmosphere around the paddock is musty.

JAMES EASTWOOD

Author of
The British Commonwealth

Sir Edward GRIGG

K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., M.P.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

The Times: 'A stimulating, balanced and necessary contribution to the current controversy about the future of British foreign relations. He writes with wide knowledge, and his scholarly bent gives a freshness which is always a pleasure to experience' 7/6

Memories of many famous persons and momentous events of the past forty years

Comyns BEAUMONT

A REBEL IN FLEET STREET

James Agate: 'A most amusing book of light reminiscences' *Observer:* 'This is a friendly club sandwich of a book' 16/-

---

Donald STOKES

MEN BEHIND VICTORY

The Times: 'Mr. Stokes had a fine idea for a book and collected material with intelligence and industry . . . it contains a great deal of matter hitherto unpublished and helps towards an understanding of many aspects of the war' 7/6

CAPTAIN C. H. DENT

THE HORSE HAS FOUR LEGS

Daily Telegraph: 'Captain Dent has written an attractive mixture of reminiscence, philosophy, advice, history and biology—he tells a good story with zest, and is very good company' 10/6

HUTCHINSON
& Co. (Publishers) Ltd.
Largest of Book Publishers

SOUTH of the CONGO

by SELWYN JAMES

A graphic first-hand report on all Southern Africa, including the island of Madagascar 12/6

With 8 illustrations and a map

JOHN LONG Ltd.

Make this the Last War

The Future of the United Nations

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

Introduction by JULIAN HUXLEY

'I have not read a book coming out of this war which has moved me so much as this one. It is a young man's sword and he wields it with a strong right arm.'—PEARL BUCK. 10*s.* 6*d. net*

Psychology and the Soldier: the Art of Leadership

NORMAN COPELAND

Foreword by SIR WALTER KIRKE

'Contains much advice and useful guidance which will help any who are called upon to assume positions of leadership, whether in a military or civil capacity.'—*Times Educational Supplement.* 5*s. net*

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

RUSSIA AND BRITAIN

By Edward Crankshaw. *Collins*. 8s. 6d.

Following on the late Stanley Casson's admirable *Greece and Britain*, Mr. Crankshaw now gives us, in a manner which it would be difficult to overpraise, an historical survey of the relations between this country and Russia in the past four hundred years and a shrewd analysis of the characters, showing the similarities and differences of the two peoples.

After describing Richard Chancellor's momentous 'discovery' of Russia in 1553, Mr. Crankshaw goes on to dwell at some length on the early years of our relations with Muscovy, not only because the story is not too well known, but also because in it is seen with 'unique clarity the fundamental differences which, for centuries to come, were to push between us and harmonious co-operation.' Ivan the Terrible, to whom Chancellor was conducted after his hazardous voyage round the North Cape, saw in Britain a useful ally against the unfriendly peoples with whom his country, only recently welded into a homogeneous whole, was surrounded; whereas Elizabeth of England thought only of Russia as a market for her goods. Hence the first discord, a discord which has arisen continually to mar our relationship ever since. In almost every case the Russian monarchs, from Ivan onwards, began by feeling friendly towards Britain; and in almost every case they found that British practice was a snag well calculated to founder benevolent Russian theory. And yet, as Mr. Crankshaw points out, parallel with our uneasy political relations there has always been between Russians and Englishmen as individuals an intimate, heart-warming personal understanding not equalled between us and any other peoples. It is in that, perhaps, as much as in any pacts, that the hopes of a permanent accord between the two countries lie.

The most interesting and valuable part of Mr. Crankshaw's essay is his summing up of the Russian character. He sees in it three primary qualities: a capacity for endurance, an unquenchable passion for the dramatic and colourful and musical, and an instinct towards sinking the individual in the whole (as opposed to the Englishman's urge to retain his individuality at all costs). To these qualities he adds generosity and a broad human curiosity. Mr. Crankshaw speaks from first-hand experience of the Russians and their country, but we, the less fortunate, who have only Russian literature and music, and the knowledge of the Soviet Union's great fight against the Nazi invader, to go on, will not be inclined to disagree with his summing up.

With its many fine illustrations, *Russia and Britain* is an altogether fascinating book and a splendid contribution towards mutual understanding between our two countries. R. MILES

THE MISSING TECHNICIAN IN INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION

By John Gloag. *Allen & Unwin*. 7s. 6d.

This is the business man's primer to industrial design. 'After the second world war,' writes Mr. Gloag, 'Britain will have more machines available than ever before in her industrial history. . . . *How* we use the new and immense powers of fabricating materials into commodities will largely determine the extent of our capacity for selling these commodities abroad.'

New products cannot be manufactured until the designers have completed their drawings. Unless manufacturers understand the importance of employing capable industrial designers, the appearance of British goods will continue to be an ugly mask which belies their technical efficiency.

In this book æsthetic theories are not discussed, but a detailed explanation is given of how industrial designers work, what they can and cannot do, and the best method of employing them, down to the details of organising the Design Research Committees, which Mr. Gloag proposes as the most efficient medium for harnessing to industry the technician who has too long been ignored.

This book is concerned almost entirely with the consultant designer who is 'as much a man of business as an accountant; as much of an artist as an architect; a man who, like all real artists, identifies himself with contemporary life.'

The creation of sufficient consultant designers of this type is a prime necessity for the immediate post-war period. That there is a place for other less versatile designers, Mr. Gloag admits, but here he is concerned only with the most urgent problems.

Mr. Gloag has written an essential textbook for all manufacturers: an eye-opener for industrial designers who are still trying to find an efficient method of working, and a useful introduction for the general public to the problems of what is still a new profession, even though industrial design has been argued about for the last hundred years. MISHA BLACK

Le pont d'Avignon From *Inoubliable France*, by Alice Jahies, With 42 photographs. Sylvan Press. *Nicholson & Watson.* 15s.

SOUTH AMERICAN JOURNEY
By Waldo Frank. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

The Plaza Hotel, Córdoba, Argentina, during an evening in 1942 at *aperitif* time and Waldo Frank telling Mauricio Lasansky and myself: 'I'm a soldier of civilisation. I could have stayed home and written a new book instead of coming out here to lecture.' And Frank's eyes half-closed as though lulled by a wretched and nostalgic tango that was being played. I thought then that, as a compensation for the book he *should* have written, we would have another. Here it is. An exciting book with Frank in the rôle of guide through the sceneries of Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, and also as philosopher and prophet of the Americas which he divides into Anglo-Saxon, Spanish and African-Indian categories. The prophet who has already seen Pisgah in this New World is treated like a conquering hero almost everywhere he goes. But true to the myth of prophets, he is sometimes pilloried. His Hebraic origins are singled out for attack; an attempt is made on his life. In this, Argentina is the villain. We who think of Europe in terms of what it was, it is and will be, should remember that the day of the entire New World is not yet. It will come through catastrophes and suffering which our prophet does not foretell, because he is not a profound psychologist. Integration and true democracy will usher in the golden age of the Americas, the great New World, the prophet implies. Simple. He suggests a programme for achieving this—a magic abracadabra. But alas! progress, good things, cannot be woven so logically. This well-written book should open the eyes of sentient Europeans to the future rôle of the Latin Americas, those precocious children who should soon startle the world.

HUGO MANNING

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT
By David Farrer. *Hutchinson.* 6s.

This is a brief and concise document (there are only 95 pages for your six shillings) about Lord Beaverbrook's work at the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

It is clear, informative, objective and stimulating. Indeed, it could hardly be anything else.

Between the Fall of France and the Battle of Britain Lord Beaverbrook gave the R.A.F. the machines to do the job. When the 'blitz' came he saved us all from the worst it might have done by a swift dispersal of factories and plants. He did it ruthlessly, cutting in on the priorities of other Ministries that were less essential but would not see it, and he did it in the teeth of that Air Ministry, about which the chief thing known is that the R.A.F. works in spite of it. He ignored all the rules of the Civil Service and overrode all its traditions. Mr. Farrer tells us that he pasted the walls of his offices at Millbank with slogans like 'Committees take the Punch out of War', and 'Organisation is the enemy of effort!' He triumphed through the methods that have imposed that puckish, exasperating and inspiring personality of his on all the newspapers that he owns. Direct action and personal contact were his weapons. He infused his own dynamism into designers, managers, workers, foremen, and even Civil Servants, and the electricity of his personality went into everyone who was producing aircraft when producing aircraft was a thing that stood between Great Britain and disaster. We learn in this thin little book how he gathered up bits of wrecked planes all over France and England out of which to piece new ones; how he rushed Rolls Royce engine specifications to Ford's at Detroit and, when Ford refused to work for the war, to Packhards; how he inspired the Atlantic Ferry service to bring the planes over between dawn to sunset on a winter's day when the experts pronounced it impossible. How, after France fell, he collared the arms America had made for her; how he rounded up delighted hands from among the uprooted exiles in Britain and combed the internment camps for refugee craftsmen of non-Aryan enemy stock.

It might have been told better. Mr. Farrer lacks in his subject a sense of the dramatic, and his style is not distinguished. But as the record of a vital passage in the story of Britain, his book is valuable and was certainly worth compiling.

GEORGE EDINGER

ALGERIAN ADVENTURE

By Joy Collier. *Allen & Unwin.*

21s.

Attacked early in 1939 by a 'migratory impulse', Miss Collier and her friend 'Betsy' scanned the map for some place which, while allowing full rein to their spirit of adventure (but which, incidentally, their relatives called madness), would at the same time allow them to keep within their limitations of time (two months) and money (£30 each).

The remoter spots being ruled out, their choice fell on Morocco and Algeria; and in due course they found themselves outward bound from Marseilles to Tangier, suffering the malaise which the Mediterranean, no less than any other sea, inflicts on the queasy. But the sickness was only momentary and far less insistent than the attentions of a number of French *légionnaires* aboard.

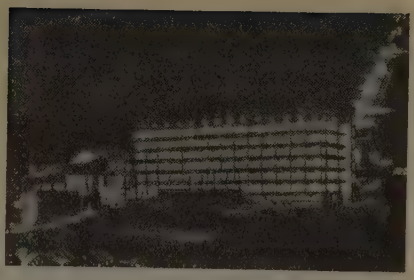
One of the most amusing scenes in this very amusing book is of a soldier on his knees before Miss Collier in the saloon bar of the boat, kissing her feet, hands and the hem of her skirt, pouring forth a flood of poetry and rhetoric—engendered by passion and wine—whilst around them the barman stolidly swept up the dust and cigarette ends, taking not the faintest interest in the passionate interlude before him. As may be guessed, this was far from being the only time during their travels that the two young and (one may surmise) attractive women found themselves involved in *l'amour;* but British common sense and a keen sense of humour, plus a little luck, helped them out of all awkward situations.

Although the two girls' travels took them into Rabat, Casablanca, Marrakesh, Fez, Algiers and other towns whose names today have almost a familiar note, the interest of the book lies not so much in Miss Collier's often terse descriptions of these places (Algiers, for instance, is dismissed in half a dozen lines) as in her delightfully amusing account of the adventures that befell them and of the people they met—*légionnaires*, bus drivers, café proprietors, Caids, and self-installed guides.

The whole book is splendid entertainment, but if I had to pick out a high spot I think I would choose the account of the girls' visit to the Caid of Telouet.

Miss Collier is an artist of some distinction, and in addition to photographs the book contains a number of her own very pleasing drawings.

R. MILES



Rjukan, the largest electrolytic plant in the world

From *This Norway*, with 144 illustrations by Ernst Schwitters, A.R.P.S. Text by Roi B. Nyquist. *Hutchinson*, 12s. 6d.

EMPIRE IN AFRICA

By Alexander Campbell. *Gollancz.* 6s.

The misdeeds of our enemies should render us uncomfortably aware of our own; and, in deploring the consequences of German racial doctrines, we should not forget that, in various parts of Africa, we too are playing the *Herrenvolk*. For vast areas exist, where the 'paramountcy of native interests' simply does not prevail; where the African is banished to arid Reserves, and heavily taxed into the bargain, so that he must also labour in the white man's mines and plantations, wretchedly housed, ill-educated, and suffering the miseries of isolation from his own folk. The black man, indeed, ignorant, diseased, underfed, and fatalistic, is an acid test of our post-war sincerity and inventiveness.

Among the staggering tasks confronting humanity, betterment of the African's lot surely claims a high priority. *Laissez-faire* will merely deepen his servitude, for the idea of racial superiority, now entrenched in South Africa, Kenya, and Southern Rhodesia, will spread like a prairie fire, destroying all Whitehall's patient endeavours on the natives' behalf.

The Colonial Office, forcefully declares Mr. Campbell, must stand firm before this insidious menace, and even increase its past undertakings. The Empire needs greater publicity, better brains, and more capital; colonial finance calls aloud for reform, as does the agricultural system, binding the African to exports of fluctuating value, and weaning him from self-sufficiency. But education, once again, is the keynote; not, as the author says, the performance of Greek plays, or 'the reduction to farthings of £5,555 5s. 5d', but practical stuff for progressive rural and industrial workers.

A book for all who believe in the indivisibility of human progress.

I. C. THIMANN

SING HIGH! SING LOW!

By Osbert Sitwell. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

Complacency is at the root of much of the evil of the present day, but it does not trouble Sir Osbert Sitwell one iota. He gives us more than a goodly share of smug complacency in this miscellaneous collection of essays. Unfortunately, he is too absorbed in himself and his own discomfort in the modern world to appreciate the stirring, dramatic times we face today, or to know when he is being absurdly ungrateful to a world which still permits him to pursue his exclusive path unmolested. I can think of worse horrors for Sir Osbert than Woolworth's and cramped hotels and theatres under totalitarian rule.

Sir Osbert can be biting, very often cruel, in his humour; and yet behind many of his most caustic observations there is an unbecoming egocentrism which reduces much of the text to sheer pettishness. He has a perfect right to uphold old worlds in which fabulous treasures and fine *objets d'art* are found to be irresistible to a connoisseur of his exquisite tastes and lofty standards, but when he petulantly dismisses the world in which we live, for which we are now so desperately fighting, as 'the new world of Salvation Army shelters and American Mother's Days, of corrugated iron and cocoa'—then Sir Osbert deserves a verbal spanking.

This miscellany, like most of its kind, has its ups and downs; it is really not much of anything. Strictly speaking, many of the compositions answer to essays only by the greatest stretching of the imagination. For example, the author is over six feet in height and imagines the world is filled with dwarfs conspiring against him. He devotes a whole essay to his personal grievances on the subject.

By now the reader should have gathered whether the book is for him or not. We can become disagreeably ill on too many pastries; and there are mostly cream puffs among this literary assortment. Surely some people will find Sir Osbert's travelogues as enchanting as ever; will be grateful for his visits to Rome in the eighteenth century, to rakish Regency England, or delight in accompanying him to a Manchu garden party in Peking, to see the crab-apples in blossom? Yes; that is if they can turn an indifferent eye to the important events happening in our own part of the world at this very moment, *or is that possible?*

RICHARD McLAUGHLIN

LITTLE GOLDEN AMERICA

By Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.

Our Soviet friends seem to be getting their own back at all the superficial books written by American visitors to Russia in the past decade. For this American travelogue, although engagingly naïve, can also be very biting in its criticism, impish in its marked disapproval of many of America's accepted customs and national traits. And yet some of its wise observations on poverty, education, music and the theatre should not be overlooked.

My answer to all who come upon this provocative account of a trip these two amusing satirists made to the States nearly eight years ago, is that nothing that Ilf or Petrov saw or heard could possibly escape their mischievous pens. The pace in New York was too fast for their peace of mind. The Eastern States and America's vast hinterlands inevitably fail to come up to Soviet standards. However, the rapid strides the United States has made in the industrial world, her efficiently run factories and expert machinery drew unstinted praise. Perhaps, if they were to return to the States now, a great many more things would catch their approving eye and they would be able to write home and tell Uncle Joe about them. All I hope is that our Russian travellers were able to appreciate how desperately their hosts, the Adamses, wished them to like America.

RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

INFANTS WITHOUT FAMILIES

Burlingham and Freud. *Allen & Unwin.* 5s.

This well-documented and convincing book puts the residential nursery . . . modern, pleasanter name for orphanage . . . in its proper place. While faithfully recording all the advantages, it is refreshing to learn from two experts that the best run and equipped nursery in the world cannot compete with an ordinary mother and father in some realms of a child's development. The future of the wartime residential nurseries is still undecided, but it is plain that large numbers of children will have to be housed and cared for by the state in the post-war world. If, say the authors of this book, they recognise their limitations, face and fight them, they need not produce the 'institutional' child. To all those concerned in this important social problem this book will prove a valuable and encouraging guide. Certainly all thoughtful parents could profit by reading it.

ALICE HOOPER BECK

Control of Life

By

HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND, D.D.

Author of 'Arches of the Years',
'A Time to Keep', 'In My Path',
'Lapland Journey', etc.

Since the publication of the *Arches of the Years,* Dr. Halliday Sutherland has become one of the most widely read authors of the day. He has been translated into seven European languages. His first book on birth control led to a libel action in which the House of Lords finally gave judgment for the author and his publishers.

Control of Life is no less challenging. It is concerned with nature's most stupendous act—the Reproduction of the species.

The reader is forced to contemplate an amazing phenomenon—that in all Christian countries all over the world the birth-rate began to fall in 1877 and has been falling ever since. Pagan lands are not affected. After considering all possible natural causes, Halliday Sutherland believes that we are witnessing a direct Act of God. He challenges contemporary humanists to offer any other rational explanation. He proves, with mathematical precision, what contemporary humanists prefer to ignore—the influence of religion on the birth-rate.

Demy 8vo **10/6 net**

BURNS OATES

'I'd like a real large book. Something to press flowers in'
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

BURMESE DAYS

By George Orwell. *Penguin Books.* 9d.

They are all here—the copper-coloured natives, mincing Eurasians, gin-sodden *pukka sahibs*; pagodas, brothels, rice-fields, and placid buffaloes; shimmering heat and monotonous rain; huge, gaudy flowers, mosquitoes, and intrigue in the bazaars. Against this unsavoury background, Mr. Orwell's puppets make their traditional movements; the dipsomaniac blows his brains out; the girl from England gets her man; and the mysterious Burman, complete with *dak*, *longyi*, and *gaungbaung* (whatever these may be), inscrutably carries on.

The author knows Burma well: that unhappy country was one of the stepping-stones in an adventurous career which has landed him—somewhat surprisingly, perhaps—in the prosaic arms of the B.B.C. With trepidation, therefore, since his characters wear an air of authenticity, one is tempted to ask whether this unpleasant crowd of English at Kyauktada—ignorant, lustful, race-conscious, drunken, blasphemous, sadistic, incestuous, and foul-mouthed—is really typical of our former representatives in the Far East? If so, is it surprising that, even so far back as '34, the year this book was first published, Burmese patriots were already sullen and seditious, busy with pamphlet and broadsheet, and preparing to co-operate in due course with their present masters?

At this time, indeed, when we have pledged ourselves to a square deal for the coloured peoples, and yet, in the light of history, some doubt our sincerity, it may be asked whether this is the time to have reproduced *Burmese Days?* Who would now be attracted by a career in the sinister land of U Po Kyin, and the prospect of return, lonely and perverted, to 'the hell of retirement'?

I. C. THIMANN

BRITISH POSTAGE STAMPS
By S. C. Johnson

HORSES OF BRITAIN
By Lady Wentworth

Collins' Britain in Pictures Series.
4s. 6d. each.

In the list of 'collecting' hobbies stamp collecting takes a foremost place, so it is only fitting that a volume on British postage stamps should appear in this admirable series. In an essay which, within its limitations, could hardly be bettered, Mr. Johnson sketches the history of our stamps from the first issue, in 1840, of the famous Penny-black and Twopenny-blue, to the Silver Jubilee and Coronation issues of 1935 and 1937, following this with brief histories of stamp issues of the Dominions and Colonies. While he dazzles us with accounts of stamps as valuable as diamonds (a one-cent British Guiana of 1856, for instance, is today worth £8,000, and certain of the 1847 Mauritius issues can command anything up to £5,000), Mr. Johnson takes care to stress—as any philatelist knows—that the fascination of collecting is far from being dependent on the monetary value of any collection.

The illustrations in *Horses of Britain* are some of the most delightful that have so far appeared in this series (a reproduction of a painting by George Stubbs is particularly lovely). Lady Wentworth, an acknowledged authority, has recorded the history of all our leading breeds—racers, hunters, hacks, cart and draught horses, and ponies—bringing out the important part the importation of Arab horses has played in the building up of our thoroughbred stock. She points out, however, that whereas the 'record of the British Isles for the last 2,000 years shows a constant flow of importations, inter-crossing, specialisation and naturalisation of foreign horses . . . positions are now reversed and it is to England and Ireland that the whole world turns for its best horses.' And she adds a timely warning that this supremacy may be lost if we continue to allow the wholesale export to America of much of our best stock.

R. MILES

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Sir,

In the appreciative notice of *Albert Schweitzer: His Work and Philosophy*, in your July issue, your reviewer refers throughout to Schweitzer in the past tense and concludes by expressing his relief at knowing 'that he survived the concentration camp, to die in the relatively peaceful and humanitarian atmosphere of Oxford.'

We should be glad to reassure your readers that this great genius is very much alive and active, doing the work of several men at his hospital in French Equatorial Africa and, in such time as he can find for it, revising the final draft of the third and fourth volumes of his *Philosophy of Civilization* which we shall publish as soon as may be after the war. Schweitzer's birthplace and home is in Alsace and, except for a brief visit in 1939, he has not returned to Europe since the outbreak of war. It was Oskar Kraus, Professor of Philosophy at Prague and author of the Study of Schweitzer which was the subject of your review, who was imprisoned by the Nazis, escaped, and died at Oxford.

Yours faithfully,

A. & C. Black, Ltd., Publishers, London

Dear Sir,

The article 'Compulsory Church Parade', by an ex-N.C.O., which appeared in the February issue of World Review, was warmly appreciated by most of the soldiers I know.

The subject is one which is hotly discussed, I assure you.

But may I point out a mis-statement in the caption to the photograph on page 45? Namely, the statement that the photograph represented a *recent* Church Parade. For, to any soldier other than one giving a casual glance, it can be seen that the photograph was taken several years ago, perhaps three or more years ago. The reason —the soldiers are wearing equipment and respirators which passed out of use about three years ago and I am sure that only in the early days of the war were soldiers permitted to wear collar badges.

Unfortunately, existing regulations do not permit me to augment the views expressed on Compulsory Church Parades.

Faithfully yours,

Corporal, C.M.F.

LATEST FROM U.S.A.

WOMEN TRIUMPHANT

For the first time women will be able to outvote men. In elections before the war women cast only from forty-two to forty-five per cent of the ballots. In 1942 they climbed up to fifty-three per cent of the total, when servicemen's vote was practically nil. Present registration figures indicate that women's vote will move up another notch this autumn. In addition, many men who are away from home are shut off from voting by restrictions created by some of the states. The scramble to get women's votes has set major parties revising their organisations to give women a bigger part in the campaign.

WALK OF FAME

It was not a modern idea that prompted the sending of Bristol's rubble to be used as a foundation for New York's East River Drive. Cobble stones of Nantucket's picturesque streets were brought from England in old whaling ships as ballast, while many of the island's sturdy-built houses are made of red bricks which sea captains brought over for construction of homes in which they spent their years of retirement. Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida, is the proud possessor of America's only 'walk of fame'. Beneath Spanish-moss-draped oak trees, it stretches across college campus and is bordered by stones that tell stories. Each stone bears the name of a man or woman whose deeds will live for ever. There is Thomas à Becket's name on a stone from Canterbury Cathedral, Robert and Elizabeth Browning on the stone from the fireplace at 50 Wimpole Street, while from Linlithgow Palace is a stone bearing the name of Mary, Queen of Scots! Others include George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, Emerson, Anatole France, Mark Twain, Bunyan, as well as all the United State Presidents and Chief Justices, and many of those who signed the Declaration of Independence.

CANINE TELECONSCIOUSNESS

Indiana policeman telephoned Elvin Fay, whose name he had found on a dog collar, explaining that the dog was illicitly occupying a parked automobile. 'Put dog on telephone. I'll talk to him,' said Fay. Policemen complied. 'What are you doing there, Pat?' admonished Fay, 'get right on home.' Dog went immediately to Fay's residence.

Doris Sheridan, New York
Exclusive Cable to *World Review*

CROSS-SECTION

OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

A. Crossman

The Government of Poland

WITH the Russian armies already within fifty miles of Warsaw, the question of civil administration for liberated Poland must be settled now and on the spot. The Polish Government-in-Exile has thrown away one opportunity after another to reach agreement with Moscow. A Polish Committee of National Liberation will now take charge of civil administration in liberated Poland. The Committee is not, as the Polish Ministry of Information in London states, composed of obscure Communists. It is widely representative, and it is likely to become more so. As the Committee begins to function it is likely to win increasing support among the common people of Poland, many of whom have fought bravely in the Resistance Movement mainly with arms supplied by the U.S.S.R. All Poland's best friends will regret that Mr. Mikolajczyk failed to carry enough support among the Polish exiles to enable him to reach an agreement with the U.S.S.R. As a respected Peasant Party leader, his place is in Poland, where he would be useful in working out the drastic agricultural policy now announced.

The New Statesman and Nation

The Government of Poland

IN the meantime decisions have been taken in Moscow about the future disposition of Poland which are of more than local interest. In the first place an announcement was made by Moscow that a Polish National Liberation Committee had been formed in Kholm (or Cholm or Chelm). The formation of this Committee, it would seem, was carried out without the agreement of either Britain or America. It is even questionable whether there was the so-called 'consultation' between the three Powers.

This unilateral declaration suggests that there has been a hitch in the armistice agreement which had been reported. Moscow considers it good diplomatic tactics to show its strong hand. There would seem to be some confirmation in the sudden change of tone in the Moscow Press towards that of this country. For a week it has been very critical, picking on trivial and often misquoted issues to make a song and dance. Another example has been the recurring demand in the Moscow Press for the starting up in the West of a *real* Western Front. All this would suggest that the future of Europe is once more in the melting pot, and Poland is at the moment the political peppery dish served up for the Western Powers.

Moscow's action appears to be dictated solely by suspicion of the Western Allies and their intentions in Germany. The Polish Committee cannot by any stretch of imagination be considered a representative body. Its agreement with the Russians is like that of Lord McGowan with his office boy. It is genuine and correct, but the office boy can be sacked at any time when he ceases to do what he is told.

Tribune

Would Chuck?

THE transfer of Alexander Korneichuk from his post of Commissar of Foreign Affairs in the Ukrainian Republic to that of Commissar of Arts is of more than passing interest. Korneichuk was only appointed to the former post six months ago, and as his wife is Wanda Wassiliewska, one of the founders of the Union of Polish Patriots, it was expected when the appointment was made that it would foreshadow a move of Russian policy in the direction of full support of the 'Polish Patriots' against the legitimate Polish Government in London. But although the Soviet Government has, on occasions, seemed to support the 'Polish Patriots', it has never gone the whole hog, and has sometimes seemed on the point of closing the 'Polish Patriots' down altogether.

Marshal Stalin has made Manuilsky, a faithful old Bolshevik, Commissar of Ukrainian Affairs in place of Korneichuk. No clue can be found in this appointment to the future policy of Russia towards Poland. Now the Russian armies are crossing into Poland, it is expected that M. Molotoff will at any moment declare Russian policy. The Russians will probably demand a drastic revision of Poland's eastern frontier, for which compensation will be given at the expense of Germany. The Russians have made no secret of their intentions of holding Vilna and Lvov, both pure Polish centres.

Truth

Not Dear to Them

After moving in the rarefied atmosphere of world politics, Field-Marshal Smuts, on his return to South Africa, is finding himself faced with domestic problems equally as intricate as, say, the future of France. They involve nothing less than the future of South Africa. The recent victory of the Nationalist Party at the Wakkerstroom by-election has given great encouragement to Field-Marshal Smuts' opponents, who also see in the increasing number of young Africaans-speaking voters an earnest of victory at the next General Election.

The policies likely to be favoured by the Party which might one day govern the Union of South Africa are foreshadowed by the curious episode which recently led to the discharge of twenty women typists from the Government Pensions Department. These women objected to addressing correspondence to coloured people in the usual departmental terms which prescribe that all letters must be addressed 'Dear Sir' or 'Dear Madam' and end 'Yours faithfully'. How these hyper-sensitive bureaucrats proposed to address their fellow-citizens has not been made known. For refusing to extend an elementary courtesy to coloured people, the Civil Servants were dismissed. Now, the Nationalist Party is conducting a virulent anti-colour campaign under the guise of securing justice for the sacked typists. The Government is being asked to recall immediately 'the detestable instruction to the Pensions Office', and to review the whole policy of equality between European and non-European races. Failing this, the resignation of the Government is demanded, with a General Election to be fought on this issue. Dr. Malin's Party is, amongst other things, violently anti-Semitic.

It is curious how these Nationalist South Africans of remote Dutch origin differ so greatly from the real Hollanders who, dealing with coloured peoples in their own Colonies, have shown little race prejudice. It seems as if the *Herrenvolk* ideas, which so many young South Africans have died to destroy, have taken hold of a good many South Africans at home. To them the war appears remote, and their bitter opposition to General Smuts may be animated by the knowledge that he has worked so hard to destroy Nazidom, a doctrine not unakin to their own ideals.

Truth

Our Friend Franco

The United States have concluded an agreement with the Spanish Government about post-war civil aviation. So far it is only an agreement in principle and details have still to be worked out. A delegation of three, including Mr. Charles I. Stantan, Civil Aeronautic's administrator, are at present in Spain to discuss details.

The Americans are determined to get European bases for their post-war civil aviation. They are determined to fix matters up before the war is ended and before Britain and the Continental powers can make their own arrangements. In this the Americans don't act differently from the time-honoured practice of all business men who take their advantage where they can get it.

We would suggest, nevertheless, that this agreement which, after all, is concluded not by individual business men but by Government agencies (the State Department and Mr. Adolf Berle, jun., had an important hand in the negotiations) is somewhat indecent in its haste. It is indecent, moreover, because it can only serve to prop up the Franco régime. No doubt some men in the State Department think that this is an important additional advantage. The American public, which was so indignant about Mr. Churchill's glowing references to the Caudillo, now has its chance to have its say.

Tribune

No Policy for Peace

It is possible that an Allied statement would not have a decisive effect. Himmler's resources are not exhausted. Yet Allied terms and Allied inducements might be effective and the mere possibility is worth the effort. The danger of the present attitude of unconditional surrender is that it is rapidly developing into a paralysis rather than a policy. By their silence the Allies renounce all attempt to shape events and guide them towards a desired goal. Unconditional surrender is becoming a policy of drift, of wait and see, of reliance on what may turn up. But the drift of events may carry Germany, Europe and the Grand Alliance itself to a very different conclusion from the one the Allies desire. It may carry them to military stalemate or prolonged fighting and then to divided counsels and Allied disputes. No policy for Germany means, in fact, no policy for peace.

To ask for a statement of policy is not to advocate bargaining with the Germans. It is simply a plea made in the name of common sense (now re-christened political warfare) that some political weapons should be placed in the hands of any Germans who will rebel against Hitler. It is a plea that the means should be given them to convince their fellows that surrender at discretion is infinitely to be preferred to the government of a paranoiac gang.

The Economist

What's Going on in Kenya?

THERE has been so much controversy about the position of Africans in Kenya that a recent announcement by the Governor, briefly recorded in our last issue and further referred to in this, is deserving of comment both for its own significance and in view of its promise of further advance in the future. There has been criticism of the fact that hitherto native representation on the Legislative Council has been in the hands of Europeans, and although it has been generally recognised that the actual persons chosen have been capable, are interested and sincere, and have done their best to safeguard native interests, still the fact that they are not Africans themselves has inevitably proved a handicap. The more enlightened Africans feel that the time has come for them to be more closely and directly associated with the formulation of native policy. The Government fully recognise this, as it is in accord with their own policy, and not only is it intended to introduce shortly a new Local Government (Native Councils) Ordinance to provide for the future of local government on these lines and for the establishment of Provincial Councils, but Africans are now to serve on the Legislative Council side by side with their European colleagues. They have already been serving on an Advisory Committee, and have fully proved their capacity. At first, one is to serve with his European colleague, but a panel of suitable names is to be formed with the advice of the Local and Provincial Native Councils, and it is obvious that this is but the beginning of a process which will fully associate Africans with their own government in Kenya. *The Crown Colonist*

Islam and Britain

IT is perhaps especially opportune at the present time, when the war is entering its final phase, that a society should have been founded in this country with the general object of promoting further understanding and co-operation between the Islamic peoples of the world and the British Commonwealth of Nations. Indeed, it is a little surprising that the formation of such a body should have been left to this late hour, though there are, of course, various excellent societies concerned with the principal Islamic countries. The Society of Friends of the Islamic World, as the new body is styled, was founded by Sheikh Abdul Hamid, who unhappily has since been killed by enemy action; but the movement was successfully launched at a luncheon at the Savoy presided over by Lord Winterton, M.P., who, with Sir Ronald Storrs, paid tribute to the importance and necessity of the movement, which has no political objects in the controversial sense. The British Empire has many millions of Islamic subjects, and is in this sense probably the largest Moslem Power in the world. In the new world after the war it is in the highest degree desirable that there should be the friendliest relations both between these and the other peoples within the Empire, in India—the Middle East and elsewhere—and with the Islamic citizens of Russia, the French Empire, the Arab lands and other countries; and it is to be hoped that the new society will actively promote these ends. *The Crown Colonist*

South Africa Thinks With the Blood

THE result of the by-election at Wakkerstroom, in the Union, is worth consideration . . . It is, perhaps, worth consideration for even two moments . . . There were three candidates, one of what is styled the Soldier's Party. The voters showed their affection for their own countrymen and the millions of others who are fighting for national and individual freedom by giving this candidate ten votes, which must be a world's 'record' in deposit-losing.

The real tussle was between General Smuts' supporter and the standard-bearer of the General's uncompromising personal and political enemy. Both serious candidatures were those of Dutch-speaking South Africans, Mr. Bekker and Mr. Van Niekerk. At the preceding election, General Smuts' colleague got 3,165 votes. This time the Smuts' man polled over 200 fewer. The anti-Smuts man last time polled 2,614; this time 566 more.

. . . . . .

A few weeks ago, the Union's High Commissioner in London, genial, personally attractive Colonel Reitz, speaking at London's famous Guildhall, told the United Kingdom that scientific authority rather holds that the African races cannot 'evolve up to the European standard.' Scientific authority does nothing of the sort, but let that pass; let us take it as a fact that these 3,180 adult voters have 'evolved up to the European standard.' Their evolution has brought them to the point that while many of their own countrymen (almost certainly including some of their own relations) are offering their lives in order to smash the vilest murder, blackmail and torture gang in European annals, they vote with a Party whose leaders openly proclaim that they would, if they could, withdraw the Union forces from the fight and come to terms with the gangster leaders.

It may be said: 'But 3,180 people, even if every one is a malignant, is a mere handful of the Union.' Quite; but a much smaller handful began the work of ill omen in Italy and Germany; and there are many times 3,180 in the Union who 'think' as these people do; in the Nazi phrase, 'think with the blood.' There can be no doubt about the success of General Smuts and his present colleagues in keeping the malignants well in the minority during the present critical period; but it would be unwise for either Great Britain, or the several sections in the Union which have mental and moral grasp of the vital importance of the United Nations holding together, not to take into account the probability that the Party in the Union which neither understands nor sympathises with United Nations ideals of free development will continue a formidable dissident movement after the war. There will no doubt be some migration of people of European stock into the Union and Southern Rhodesia, but as to this there have to be taken into account need of the United Kingdom to retain its most valuable elements, need of Australia and New Zealand for just such types, and the solid attractions Canada offers to them (the first Lord Strathcona said that Canada has resources greater even than those of the U.S.A., and can eventually maintain in comfort 150 millions of people, over a dozen times its present total).

One way of buttressing the Union position well and truly is steady and fearless betterment of its own African races, politically and economically, and realisation of this fact among the Europeans in the Union, African-born and immigrant, has seemed more widespread in recent years. It is to be hoped that such a tendency will show itself more decided, as well it may, in view of the certainty that the Africans will always be ready and willing to stand by a free and progressive system of the benefits whereof they have their fair share. We must all hope that the dominant parties in the Union, who have played, and are playing, so great and gallant a part in the war, will make the great exercise in moral courage and political wisdom which will be needed after the war, a need which the Wakkerstroom incident should help to make clearer.

The West African Review

Economy

THE Minister of Economy has decreed that private motor cars are allowed to run only on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Diario de Noticias (Lisbon)

'Quick, somebody get him a pen—anybody!'

NEW YORKER

Labour Troubles

ALL the mills that were closed as a punishment for the strikes have been allowed to resume work. The mother of one of the girl strikers has been given fifteen days prison for attacking the boss, while he was given twenty days prison for paying smaller wages than the official ones and at the same time making the workers say they were getting more.

Diario de Noticias (Lisbon)

Women Re-ect

A VILLAGE Don Juan, nicknamed 'The Hammer', used to boast that he had seduced every girl in the village. One Sunday, after Mass, the girls attacked him *en masse* and gave him such a beating-up that it is considered unlikely that he will boast of it. This happened at a small sleepy village called Mazarefes, N. Portugal.

Seculo (Lisbon)

'I'll Be Back'

THE Brazilian Prince, Don Pedro de Braganza, who has left for Spain, told the Portuguese Press that he had very much enjoyed his short stay in Portugal and that he will be back soon—especially to visit Oporto—where his grandfather's heart is buried.

Diario de Noticias (Lisbon)

The Christian Gentleman

GENERALISSIMO FRANCO has offered President Carmora a picture book of Bible stories.

Diario de Noticias (Lisbon)

'It's a fortunate head that has never ached' —*Old Proverb.*

Hygiene and better living conditions have eradicated some of the worst diseases of the middle ages; medical science has discovered remedies for others. Yet one type of ailment has increased: nerve-strain is more widely prevalent to-day than it was before our civilisation produced the modern complicated technique of living. And nerve-strain finds its expression in the nagging pains of every day — headache, toothache, neuralgia. . .

To combat these pains is the function of 'Cogene'.

'Cogene' is a scientific combination of four pain-relieving drugs, in tablet form. It is non-habit forming and produces no harmful after-effects, yet it will relieve the most harassing nerve pain surprisingly quickly. That is why doctors prescribe it. It is sold by all chemists at 1/1½d. a tube.

Never forget, though, that while 'Cogene' will relieve the pain, it cannot remove the cause of the pain: only a doctor or a dentist can do that.

'COGENE'

(Regd. Trade Mark) *Brand Tablets*

A 'GENATOSAN' Product

INVASION means more trains for the FIGHTING FORCES

RAILWAY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

In Wolfram Clothing

THANKS to the London *Times* for explaining that the only reason Portugal has been shipping wolfram to Germany all these years is that Dr. Salazar didn't know it had any connection with war production. Someone ought to tell the Rumanians what happens to that oil they sell the Nazis.

Trek

Cleansing the Press

THERE is an increasing tendency in America, according to *General News*, for the staff employees of newspapers to influence their policy. One of the biggest up-state papers in the U.S.A., the *Massachusetts Telegram-News*, was served notice by the local newspaper guild that, under the guild's rights in a closed-shop contract, it would no longer permit the publication of an anti-Roosevelt, anti-Semitic and anti-Soviet propaganda column which had been heavily featured by the paper. The column and the columnist both came out.

Trek

Good Ad.?

ONLY three days ago I recommended a great friend of mine to take —— tablets because he was suffering from very bad headaches. This friend is a French soldier. He came to me and this is what he said.

'With the splendid spirit of the people here, England simply can't lose the war. Of this I'm firmly convinced if all the people who suffer from loss of sleep and headaches take —— tablets.'

Advert. in *Daily Sketch*

Value of Books

Life probably put an end to Governor Dewey's chances for the Presidency the other week. Perhaps it was intentional, but more likely it was an accidental consequence of that magazine's editorial passion for the tiny, omniscient detail. Under a formal picture of Dewey in the executive chamber of the Capitol building, *Life's* caption went out of its way to say: 'The desk in this room is so large, the chair so deep that Tom Dewey sits on two telephone books when being photographed here.' The picture of a post-war peace table, seating Churchill, Stalin, Chiang Kai-shek, and little Tom Dewey on two telephone books is plainly impossible. Goodbye, Pennsylvania Avenue; hello, New York.

The New Yorker

Who Was the Donkey?

SOME aircrews at the Dutch Navy's Mitchell Squadron aerodrome keep cars or motor-cycles, as distances are considerable. But petrol is short.

One pilot recently saw an advertisement of a donkey for sale in a neighbouring village. He bought the donkey, and proudly returned to his Mitchell riding the beast.

But on arrival at the aerodrome, the donkey was refused access by the guard. After studying the regulations, he could not be convinced that the donkey would be doing 'essential war work', when carrying the pilot from mess to operations-room or plane.

Under R.A.F. regulations a donkey not doing essential work is a 'luxury'.

Netherlands News Digest

It Was Swaffer!

LITTLE did Frank Owen, editor of the London *Evening Standard*, think that when he called Hannen Swaffer the 'Pope of Fleet Street' it would one day be taken to mean a position even more exalted.

Swaffer received last week from a friend in Jerusalem a copy of *Haboker*, a Tel Aviv paper published in Hebrew. *Haboker*, which means 'the morning', contained an article concerning a statement sympathetic to Jewry made by Pope Pius XII: 'We are brethren in distress,' but to illustrate it, it printed over the caption, 'Pope Pius XII', a photograph of Hannen Swaffer.

'I understand that the *Haboker* people were most shamefaced,' writes Swaffer's friend, 'when their attention was drawn to the mistake, and their picture editor is in disgrace. I don't believe they will write either to the Pope to apologise or address you with a similar humble abasement, but just for your records you may be interested in having the enclosed cutting of your temporary and inadvertent translation into the highest office of the Roman Catholic Church.'

Psychic News

Feeble

PART of duties of a young country-bred beginner was to open incoming parcels, check, convey to various departments, repack 'empty' and re-address to sender. One parcel bore no indication of the sender. The girl reported to head of the business. Next day she said she now knew from whom it came. The suppliers were Messrs. 'Frag Isle'. At a complete loss, head of firm looked at parcel and saw label marked 'Fragile'!

Draper's Record

'D'you mean, sir, altho' you didn't go to Eton you're going to wear the tie?'
'Yus.'
'You cad!' MEN'S WEAR

Orders

THE attached sheet is a true copy of orders issued by a senior officer to one of his N.C.O.s on a recent date. I feel your readers should be allowed to participate in the joke.

ORDERS TO R.S.M.

A goat has to be collected on Monday and delivered to me alive and well.

Detail Corporal —— (Regimental Police corporal).

He will be at —— Cattle Market, Corporation Street, near Casino, near a horse-trough, at 10.15 hours (return bus warrant), where he will meet a Petroleum Board lorry, on the doors of which is printed L.270.

The driver will hand over the goat—male, aged three months, colour, fawn.

Corporal —— will report to R.S.M. (A) and obtain 5 ft. of light cord, or rope, and a strap (for use as a dog collar). Corporal —— will lead the goat (alive) dog-wise. Two biscuits will assist him.

Corporal —— will return by bus and call the goat a dog, and use the upper deck and pay dog fare. If the conductor objects, he will use courtesy, tact and charm with the conductor. If this does not prevail, he will try the next bus.

In any case the goat will be delivered to me alive and unhurt.—'Live Letters', *DailyMirror*.

Airflow, Ceylon

Men Take a Serious View

AN Anglican minister said it was his custom to find out beforehand whether the girl was really sure. 'I find,' he said, 'that men regard marriage more seriously and are usually certain of their choice. But women are prone to rush into ill-advised matrimony. By the woman marriage is only too often regarded as an escape from the demands which dull jobs or dreary homes make on single girls. The stress of war gives marriage a false glamour and appeal.

'A girl meets a man in uniform and thinks "If he goes away I may never see him again." A proposal is a flattering thing and so often a girl will brush aside obvious obstacles for the sake of sheer romance.'

South Africa

Arundel Police are Wonderful

FREDERICK CHARLES PEEL, police superintendent of the Arundel Division, appeared at Littlehampton on a summons taken out by himself for having permitted an unobscured light to show from one of his windows at the divisional headquarters.

Manchester Evening Chronicle

Nom de Guerre

PERSONS who have been complaining that the next generation would have to pay for the war may—or at any rate should—have been thinking of Dee Day Edwards of Norfolk, and of Invasia Mae Renfrow of Dallas, babies born on June 6. Nor is it likely to rest there.

Before it is over, we shall, no doubt, have American children named H-hour Smith, Eisenhower Jones, Second World War Williams, and perhaps even Unconditional Surrender Johnson. Paying for the war in name only may, it is evident, be a considerable payment.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Food Problem

CIRCUSES have other rationing problems. One 'Fat Lady of the Circus' was stated to have lost stones on the ordinary rations and was granted an emergency ration because she was in danger of losing her livelihood.

Evening Standard

Putting Too Fine a Point on It

R.A.F. man coming shortly to Cairo on leave will be pleased to meet Service girl interested in music and fine arts. Reply to Felix.

Advt. in '*Gen.*' *Middle East Service Mag.*

Pure Water is Essential . . .

STILL MALVERN WATER, the purest known water, can still be supplied without restriction of area throughout Great Britain. Singularly free from mineral salts and solids, which may be harmful to the system, it is highly recommended by the medical profession.

STILL MALVERN WATER can be obtained in sealed bottles (Extra Large) from any Grocer, Chemist or Wine Merchant.

ST. ANNE'S WELL
MALVERN

COLWALL SPRINGS
nr. MALVERN

As a matter of fact . . .

there is still available in this country a cigarette which gives you a pleasure which millions seek but never find. In the full flavour and the rich aroma of the best Turkish leaf you find not the titivation of the senses but smooth soothing satisfaction. And, in Sobranie Turkish No. 6 you have this leaf blended by a master hand into a cigarette which enables you to cut down your consumption of cigarettes while you increase the pleasure of smoking. That is why we are proud to offer you the satisfaction of

SOBRANIE
TURKISH Nº 6

made by the makers of BALKAN SOBRANIE Turkish Cigarettes

SEROCALCIN PREVENTS COLDS

SEROCALCIN assists the *natural* defences of the body to repel organisms that cause colds. It has been prescribed by Doctors for many years.

A 30-day course of Serocalcin tablets gives 3 to 4 months immunity in some 8 out of 10 cases. Existing colds usually respond to Serocalcin in 48 hours.

There are no "drugs" in Serocalcin and no unpleasant reactions. It can be given to children with perfect safety.

The immunizing course of 60 tablets — 2 daily for 30 days — costs 8/5½ inc. tax.

For existing colds — 3 tablets 3 times daily — there is a special 20 tablet pack price 3/4½.

If you suffer from colds, ask your Doctor or Chemist about Serocalcin (Reg. Trade Mark) or send 1d. stamp for booklet "Immunity from Colds"

HARWOODS LABORATORIES LTD. WATFORD, HERTS.

'You darling! *Whom did you wish to see?*'

NEW YORKER

Mystery Solved

An ingenious hypothesis for the clerical dog-collar in England is that about a hundred years ago the clergy noted a growing coldness of the English to the cloth, in such marked contrast to the warmth extended to the canine creation that some sly clergymen concluded that the more they could contrive to look like dogs, the more appreciated they would be. Nor did it stop at dress; the desire to please by echoing the sentiments and aspirations of secular society became more and more marked, and sermons on hell began to disappear from the repertory of the Establishment, for all the world in the way in which dogs learn that there are certain unsavoury objects like dead rats or birds that they must not bring into the house.

But it has never really answered this attempt at casuistry because, the essential vocation of the minister being to preach, he can never qualify for membership of the Dumb Friends' League; and their dumbness is the secret of their popularity. How few people would keep dogs if they had to listen to their views—especially if they were pulpit views!

The Tablet

Among The Missing

People in German cities wouldn't so much mind seeing the handwriting on the wall if the wall were only there.

Boston Globe

Wedlock

In Detroit, Mrs. Madge J. Williams won a divorce on the charge that her jealous husband bought a padlock soon after they were married, locked her in their bedroom every day before going to work.

Time

Red Outbreak

Harvard's official vegetable is the radish—as of today! Or maybe it's another case of tares among the wheat.

Two weeks ago, Harvard Yard, hard-packed from the feet of drilling naval officers, was reseeded, and somebody scattered radish seeds in amongst the grass.

Today a hardy crop of new radish-shoots was observed, and the groundkeepers are busy at their harvesting. 'They're as fine a lot of radishes as I've seen in a long time,' the chief groundsman says. Hundreds of them came up, chiefly in front of the statue of John Harvard. Identity of the sower is unknown.

Christian Science Monitor

Classy?

Denver, Colo. (AP)—Attorney Harry S. Class criticised the defendant's pleadings in a suit for foreclosure of a chattel mortgage involving 12 swarms of bees. Said Mr. Class:

'The pretended "pleading" is a hodgepodge of irresponsible statements, consisting of recondite and acephalous, obfuscated and tenebrous and heterogeneous imaginings, constituting a labyrinth of nubilation and fuliginosity, of such opacity and pernacity and tergiversation as to constitute a veritable potpourri and salmagundi, leading only to the very depths of Cimmerian darkness.'

Christian Science Monitor

Deliberation

A soldier we know tells us that he saw two of his comrades-in-arms engrossed in a chess game at a U.S.O. canteen. The position was a highly complicated one, and our friend stopped to watch. For several minutes neither player spoke or made a play, then one of them roused himself and inquired, 'Say, which am I—black or white?'

New Yorker

We Fight for Freedom!

At the London Coliseum recently, a representative sent there by the Lord's Day Observance Society sat in the stalls, and because a soprano wore a frock which he considered was a crinoline, the performance was stopped and the singer had to change into street clothes before she could continue.

Manchester Guardian

Famous for over 100 years for BISCUITS

CARRS of CARLISLE

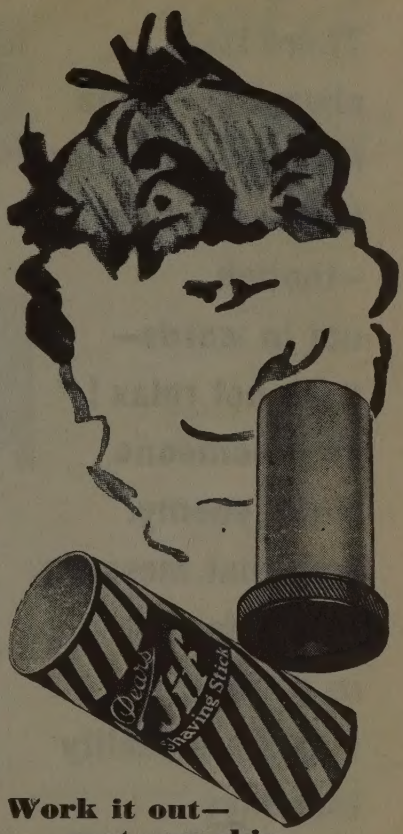
Send their compliments to all old and new friends and assure them that, following the removal of all Zoning and other restrictions after final Victory, their ever popular Biscuits will be on sale again everywhere. ©C744

Most of us take 'the chemist' for granted. We go to him for advice and always receive kindly, skilled, attention; we take the doctor's prescription to him, knowing that it will be accurately dispensed. This faith in the chemist is fully justified, for he is a highly-trained expert and a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society. He is a most important part of the country's health organisation. As an expert he knows the value of the preparations which he sells over the counter.

For more than forty years chemists have recommended

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE



Work it out— cost per chin

That's the way to look at it in these hard times. Ten thousand bubbles of soothing lather required to browbeat the bristles on each chin. Why pay an exorbitant price for these bubbles. Pears have attended to the matter. Jif gives you millions of first class vintage bubbles for 7½d.

Pears Jif

SHAVING STICK 7½d.

A. & F. Pears Ltd. PJ 67B/137A

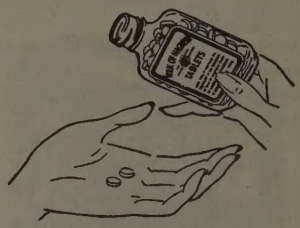
There is
always someone
fiercely reminding
those who fight
—though
not in words—
" Do not relax ! "
That someone
is the enemy.
And that message
is also for us
in Britain.
It is stern reality
that says
SALUTE THE
FIGHTING FORCES
with more
and yet more
saving !

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Milk of Magnesia (Regd.) *Tablets*

By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession.



'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Shavallo

LATHER SHAVE
IN POTS 1/3

SV 134-229

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., E.16

Printed in Great Britain at The Curwen Press Ltd., Plaistow, London, for the Proprietors, Review of Reviews Ltd., 43–44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4, and published by Hulton Press Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Australasia) Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Registered for Canadian and Newfoundland Magazine Post.